

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT POLITICAL ECLIPSE.

B. F. B.—“I knew when we made this great luminary the head of Republicanism he would overshadow the whole party.”
MATT. C.—“There seems to be very little of the party left, only a little edge of moonshine.”
MORTON.—“When the shadow passes over the party, which will begin to shine bright again, I wonder whether there will not be another name, like Independent, on it?”
ROSCOE C.—“My friends, what was and what will be in years to come are one thing. We are now about to have a total eclipse.”

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY is no longer the favorite of the people; and, in the absence of a great, promising Independent organization, the Democratic Party is becoming the political power of the land. At the same time, many thousands of men who this Fall voted the Democratic ticket, or aided that ticket by refusing to vote for Republican candidates, are not satisfied to be Democrats either of the old time or of the new time, and will not remain Democrats under Pendleton and ex-rebels. Are the men who throw the balance of power in favor of the Democratic Party going to remake that party, or will they combine with all honest, strong Republicans to make a new party?

GEN. GRANT AND THE "HERALD."

SOME months ago we pointed out the fact that the question of Caesarism and a third term would never have been raised at all but for the desire of the editor of the *Herald* to secure a Summer sensation. We further remarked that there could have been no controversy on the subject, and consequently no sensation, but for the *Herald's* vigorous opposition to a thing which never existed. But so persistently was the subject urged by Mr. Bennett and his lively coadjutors, that even the most active rivals of the *Herald* were compelled to contribute to the third-term literature. The *National Republican*, the organ of the Administration at Washington, with a sensation that is surprising in a party journal, committed the singular indiscretion of taking part in the discussion. Other Republican organs were guilty of the same fault. The Democratic newspapers, as a matter of course, affected to see great danger to the Republic in the supposed desire of General Grant for a third term. After nearly two years' persistent effort, though in all that time the President had never opened his mouth on the subject, Grant's candidacy in 1876 was regarded as a certainty—the third term was at last an issue in politics. The Ohio and Indiana elections showed that the people had heard of it and disapproved it. It even seemed that in consequence General Dix, in spite of his previous majority of over fifty thousand, was about to lose his reelection. In this emergency he declared himself as opposed to a third-term for any President, and his declaration in turn provoked General Grant into saying what everybody already knew, that the third-term suggestion came solely from the newspapers, and that he had not spoken before because it was inconsistent with the dignity of his position as President of the United States to respond to newspaper clamor and deny a story invented and circulated solely by the newspapers.

In this assumption General Grant was clearly right. He knew, as everybody else knew, that the third-term issue was the invention of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. We all remember the beginning of the issue—how cleverly the third term was suggested, and how fearlessly it was denounced. It was the sensation of a young gentleman who ties a tin can to a dog's tail. The whole business was absurd from beginning to end. Clearly the idea had never entered General Grant's head before it was suggested by the *Herald*. Even the politicians and time servers who surround the Administration had not thought of it. At first it was everywhere received with derision and mockery. But for the immense circulation of the *Herald*, and the hired ability Mr. Bennett was able to command, it would have been strangled in its infancy. As it was, it is an abortion grown into a monster. The propagation and growth of this hideous creation are among the most ridiculous things in our history, and it cannot be long before the American people will awake to the utter funniness with which their credulity was practiced upon, their institutions travestied, and their liberties undermined.

And now that General Grant has practically denied all aspirations for a third term, how does the *Herald* respond? With evident humor and special pleading. It is clearly undignified in any President to deny the existence of a political invention of an energetic newspaper; and yet, because President Grant did not obey the behest of the *Herald's* genius, that journal pretends to see in his remarks to his cabinet "the chagrin and sullenness of a detected schemer," who "pretends to a dignity he does not feel." The *Herald*, no doubt, knows its journalistic position. It meets General Grant over the

heads of the American people. It shows its power, to a great extent, when it compels certain weak politicians to explain themselves on a problem of its own invention. That is, the newspaper, the vaunted fourth estate, squares itself off before the first estate, in order to obtain an opinion, and a momentary mastery over all other estates. For our part we are satisfied, as a newspaper, to hold simply neutral relations towards General Grant. We pay our taxes towards the maintenance of his administration, and he pays his ten cents towards the purchase of our ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

So far, our relations are plainly personal. As a matter of public importance we have no more right, nor has the *Herald*, to ask General Grant's opinions on the third term, or on a recipe for making gingerbread, or on a question of a fifteenth term, than General Grant has to ask our talented staff to explain the method by which commas are cast and press-work is done. General Grant has never been asked by the people what his opinions on a third term may happen to be. Is a public journal the people's? We think not. On a public conveyance the other morning, we heard a poor old "people" saying: "I don't care a darn fur Sacer, nor a darn fur the thur-ud turram, nor a divil a bit fur the Christ-iyun statesmun, but I'm bill on the latest news." The old "people" was about right.

ELEMENTS OF A PARTY.

IN the speeches of prominent Republican campaign orators this year there was a constant betrayal of fear for the party and a constant promise of hope for its best men. Mr. Curtis believed in the right of bolting, but he would not forsake General Dix. Mr. Grow and General Woodford saw that there were many obnoxious measures of Republicanism, but they asserted that William Walter Phelps could be depended on, as a perfectly independent legislator. Elected on a Republican platform and by a Republican community, to vote for or against a party measure, just as he might choose. In the same way there were writers and speakers who said that both Republicans and Democrats might vote for General Banks in Massachusetts and for S. B. Chittenden, Esq., in Brooklyn, on the ground that while neither of them could be called anything much but a Republican, they would both vote for that measure which their intelligence and patriotism would justify, rather than because the measure was proposed by a party majority in a committee. Perhaps the best interpretation of the demagogue's idea of this phase of campaign philosophy was given, in our hearing, by a timid old politician who said, amid great applause, that he was a Republican Democrat and a Democratic Republican.

These sentiments were not always received with popular approbation. There were silent men who had labored with the party for years, until their laboring had become a fixed habit, and they accepted semi-independent men partially because they were party candidates and partially because political choice lay between the semi-independent men and undoubted Democrats. And the weakness of mere men, as compared with party, was seen when many semi-independents were defeated by regular Democrats. Voters like to have their opinions crystallized and put into platforms, knowing beforehand what they are going to have, and that the candidate will perform the conditions of the platform-contract. The error resulting from this feeling is that mere ward politicians or faithful rural workers in the harness receive offices as a reward for caucus and convention labor, it being considered unjust that a man who faithfully attends every party meeting should be superseded by a better educated but less attentive and less industrious man who has the same party advantages. But it is the independent men who by their practical political indolence permit this error to exist. Nothing in politics is so inspiring as principle, and nothing wins victory for principle so much as organization; and thus it comes that men who do the work are sometimes more important than the men who, avoiding practical political work, sit at home and are conscious of the principle. This year, however, there was a lack of both concurrent principles and of consistent organization. Party lines were broken. If the Independent Party had been in existence, it would have won great accession of numbers. But mere reliance upon independent men did not please the voters who would have joined an Independent Party. The elements of a new party, as we said a year and a half ago, strongly exist; there is no such thing as an Independent organization.

Yet we think that an Independent Party is in process of formation, from two causes: the existence of popular sentiment in favor of one; and disruption in the Republican ranks. The leaders of Republicanism, both in Congress and out, are not united on any one great measure of government. On the two momentous questions of the hour, finance and transportation, the Republican Address is not positive in its announcements. The Republican Party has some organization, but it has no sentiment power. The mass of that party demand something more than present organization and past services—something better than the principles which permitted Jayne, and the

organization which permitted Simmons and Davenport. Republican thought rises higher than Republican organization, and looks hopefully towards that Independent Party which will announce its principles as well as its ward meetings before another year has gone by. To be sure, most of the faces in that new party will appear as those of old Republicans; but they will be a promise of sentiment and success.

FIJIAN FACTS.

IN precisely what latitude and longitude the Fiji Islands are situated we need not now inquire. They are well-known to be in the South Sea, where spiky breezes blow, and every prospect pleases, and not only man, but also woman, is, as a rule, exceedingly vile. It is somewhat incongruous to mix up these paradoxical Polynesian islands with mathematical figures, and if we say that the Fiji group is situated in a good many degrees of west longitude, and in comparatively few degrees of south latitude, we come as near the mark as is either necessary or fitting.

The islands in question are remarkable on several accounts. For example, as we sail westward across the South Pacific, past the Samoan and the Tongu Islands, the Fiji Islands are the first of an extensive series of large and small islands, inhabited by a race entirely different from the brown Polynesians of New Zealand, Tahiti, the Sandwich Islands, and countless other groups. The Fijians, and the inhabitants of the islands lying further westward, are distinctly negro in their character, whereas your true Polynesian is simply a Malay, with the ancestral fierceness soaked out of him by centuries of anointing with coconut-oil. Although much cleaner, and far less woolly and wretched, than the Papuan, the Fijian is nevertheless the near relative of that unnecessarily objectionable colored person. He has the features of the negro, and the ferocity of the Malay, and may be defined as a savage dwelling on the border-land between the Malays and the Negroes, and made up exclusively of the worst faults of each race.

Years have gone by since some luckless mariner first discovered the Fiji Islands, and thus unintentionally added white meat to the list of the Fijian's culinary delicacies. Since that date the Fijian, in humble imitation of Death in the primer, has eaten up all, both great and small, who have fallen into his hands. Your true Fijian epicure has preferred his missionary—especially of a bishop—to any other variety of white man, but the ordinary eater has shown little preference for one sort of white man over another. Now and then a dainty young Fijian belle has professed a dislike for old English or Yankee sailor—complaining that either whisky or tobacco gives him a gamey flavor which is not attractive to a delicate taste. No such fantastic scruples have, however, interfered with the robust appetite of the healthy islander, who has eaten missionary, sailor, tourist, convict, and even New England peddler, with undiscriminating zest.

Of course the Fijians have occasionally given themselves to other forms of industry in addition to cannibalism. They are, however, so inextricably associated in the civilized mind with the latter practice, that most persons firmly believe that the average Fijian spends his whole time in walking up and down the coasts of his native islands, seeking whom he may devour. If it were indeed true that this is his only occupation and pleasure, his future days would be full of idleness and sadness; for the English Government has just taken possession of the Fiji group, and will, in the interests of humanity, permit every solitary Fijian to starve rather than to stay his stomach with missionary, and comfort himself with boiled sailor.

The object of England in thus possessing herself of a new South Sea colony is easily perceived. England is always in want of coaling stations, and the Fiji Islands are conveniently situated for the purpose, so far as vessels trading between Australia and New Zealand ports in the South, and Californian and Central American ports in the North, are concerned. She might make the Fiji Islands a model penal colony, in which the convicts would be kept from escaping by being clapped into the oven by the natives, while the latter could be thus enabled to keep the wolf and hunger from their doors. But England is tired of penal colonies, and is, moreover, prejudiced against cannibalism. She can, however, successfully colonize her new possession by white men, by encouraging the growing of cotton. If, as is tolerably certain, the Fiji Islands are perfectly adapted for cotton-growing, there will be no lack of Englishmen who will be ready to emigrate thither, and, improving the savages off the surface of the earth by giving them unlimited whisky, will cover the hills and valleys with the plant which has in all ages proved so fatal to the freedom and life of the black races.

Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria can hereafter add to her titles that of Queen of the Cannibal Islands, and can supplement the British national hymn with that other charming lyric, which, beginning with the mysterious words, "Hokey Pokey Wingaree Fum"—which certain learned men have held to be clearly Runic in their origin—praises in unmeasured terms the King of the Islands in question. And it is not impossible that the Queen, who is personally a kind hearted

woman, may be soon called upon to drop the tear of sympathy over the grave of the late King of the Fiji Islands, by whose sovereign will the appeal for annexation to Great Britain was made. That eminent cannibal, who possessed rather more beaver hat and less moral character than was desirable, discovered early in the course of his reign that whisky in vast quantities existed in England. Now, in his own dominions he could only obtain that coveted beverage in small quantities from occasional sea captains by condescending to beg for a drink; a line of conduct which cannot be reconciled with the dignity that pertains to the kingly office. To be able to buy unlimited whisky, he must have money, and the only way in which he could obtain money was to sell the business and good-will of the Fiji monarchy to a liberal customer. Such a one he has found in the British Government, which has agreed to buy his islands, his people and his royal office for \$30,000. With this money the ex-king expects to import an entire shipload of whisky and try its aid to drown the memory of a treason which has given his subjects a foreign government, and deprived them for ever of the chief article of their diet. That he will long survive the arrival of his cargo cannot be expected. The savage races evince little of that power to withstand the ravages of rum which render veteran drunkards so common in Christian lands. Doubtless before a year is over delirium tremens will claim its own; and then the Queen of England, hearing in her gorgeous apartments in the town of London that her Fijian cousin is dead, will sigh over his untimely fate as she tells her maid to bring out her black bombazine dress, and will explain to her inquiring grandchildren that she is about to put on mourning for a miserable king who sold his birthright for a shipload of whisky, and made even a worse bargain than the famous one made by hungry Esau with his astute and heartless brother.

AMERICAN RITUALISM.

TO outsiders, the Church Convention of the Episcopal denomination, now in session in this city, would seem to be devoting more attention to the question of Ritualism than it deserves. It hardly seems possible that in our country, in the midst of our free schools, and under the searching influence of our habits of free thought and keen personal discussion, the doctrines and practices usually implied in England by the term Ritualism could gain any great foothold. But the gentlemen who are reverend and lay deputies to the important Convention we have mentioned must be considered as probably knowing their own concerns best, and they have deemed it necessary to go pretty thoroughly into the subject, and to condemn it outright.

In England, Ritualism attracts discussion for various reasons. It is there a matter of questionable legality, as much as would be a determination by the railways to act independently of the Imperial Legislature. Among the duties—and, curious as it seems to American eyes, among the most solemn, difficult and important duties—of the British Parliament, is the settlement of questions of modes of worship in the Established Church. Because, while in countries where the Roman Catholic is established, the Government is only called on to enforce the decisions arrived at by the Church authorities, or to provide the means for their support, in England the Church is absolutely in the hands of Parliament. Ritualism threatens, therefore, in that country, not only the integrity of Church usage, but the authority of the law.

Mr. Gladstone evidently thinks that it does not amount to much, and that its root is in the long-stifed æsthetic desires of a portion of the people. Others, among them the cool-headed and keen observer of the *Economist*, say, "No, it is not merely a matter of æsthetic gratification; it is a question of subtle doctrine. The Ritualists are not contented with display; they are planning for the establishment of a peculiar notion connected with the display; they are seeking recognition for the belief that in the elements of the Holy Communion which they elevate before their people there is the actual body and blood of Christ, which, in some mysterious way is, by the act of the priest, made a sublime reality." And the serious opponents of the Ritualists declare that not only is this a false doctrine, closely allied to Romanism, but that it tends to loosen the bands of the Church by prying them with novel notions, and that it tends immediately to the disestablishment of the Church. On the battleground which they think they see opened before them they dread to enter, foreseeing in the struggle, however it may result, the shock and overthrow of many cherished and conservative safeguards in the politics and social framework of the country.

But we do not see that any such grave apparition can be reasonably allowed to trouble the councils of the Episcopal Convention. American Ritualism means at most a tendency to extravagant forms, and a fondness for imposing (or, as some would say, ridiculous) ceremonies, which concern only those immediately sharing in them, and the Church with which these are connected. While, therefore, the Convention may be acting intelligently in early putting under the ban the practices of the Ritualists, it is certain that the vagaries of these latter can never disturb the genera

tranquillity. This affords a striking instance of some of the advantages which in the separation of Church and State compensate richly for the slight inconveniences which attend it. The perturbations of each denomination are but the wavelets produced by dropping a stone in an inland pool. They spread only to the lines which limit it, and no general effect is felt. Probably to those outside the Episcopal Churches the performances of the Ritualists seem ludicrous or fanatical, but they can never seem of serious importance.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

THE DEMOCRATS profess to regard New Jersey as the sand-glass which shall mark the hour of certain victory.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY can have no hopes in General Grant. It must hoe its own row, and make its own laurels or its own grave.

THE TRIBUNE has been discussing the question, Do angels fly as birds do? We cannot see how it ought to concern a poor devil of a journalist how they fly.

IF THE EDDY BROTHERS, the celebrated Spiritualists, can materialize the lost soul of the editor of the *Washington Republican*, they will do a great favor to the many grieving friends of that dead genius.

THE AMERICAN Free Religious Association, of which the Rev. Frothingham is a shining light, have had a convention. With a consistency that is charming the F. R. A. placed its faith in Providence, R. I.

THE PEOPLE OF MEMPHIS did not desire the presence of the national soldiery during their election. It strikes us that the people of Memphis were shrewd enough to imagine that they might be protected and taken care of entirely too much.

THERE IS A TINGE OF SADNESS in the thought that it wasn't Nana Sahib after all. It was only a drunken Indian, who thought it a very nice joke to palm himself off as the great outlaw. Suppose the authorities had felt in a joking humor, also, and had shot that funny fellow!

IF WE ARE EVER to be publicly executed let it be done on the Amour River, where it is the custom to give brandy to the culprit until he becomes very drunk, and then take him out and bury him. It is rather a strange mixture of brandy and bier, but we should imagine it would be more pleasant than death at the end of a rope.

THE BODY of a young woman, who had thrown herself into the Seine, was recently exposed at the Parisian Morgue, and her wondrous beauty occasioned so much comment, that the authorities caused a mold to be taken of her. Dr. Mary Walker was last heard of in Paris. Can she have thrown her young life away?

GOVERNOR KELLOGG of Louisiana was shot at five times in the streets by a Colonel Burke the other day. Burke missed; and that is the way with those Burkes. The people stood by and looked at his marksmanship, and when they saw he missed every time, they hanged their heads on the lamp-posts and sat down by the gutters and wept.

THE HERALD, we hear on good authority, is soon to complete arrangements for printing its dispatches in all the different languages. The news from Germany will, as occasionally now, come in German; the Spanish in Spanish; the English with the h's left out or put in; the Pute in Pute; the political news will be full of slang; and Mr. James Williams will go to Timbuctoo and send original dispatches in the original Irish.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS will be offered for the dead body of the man who wrote the following poem:

"If I was a luke editor,
Wouldn't I have a time?
I wouldn't print a cursed word
For less'n a \$ a line."

"I'd get my grub and licker free,
& tickets to the show,
I wouldn't pay for buggy hire,
& wouldn't I wear good close!"

HORACE WHITE, the great free-trade editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, has sold his stock to Mayor Medill, the former editor of that paper. Mr. White goes to Europe. Under Mr. White, the *Tribune* was one of the four or five great independent newspapers of the country; and perhaps he did as much as any man to make the Grangers believe in free trade. Mr. White was one of the few editors who give their lives to the study not merely of shapely journalism, but of political science. He was as studious as Mill, and though never what might be called a popular man, he was an editor of mighty influence.

SENATOR ROSCOE CONKLING is the first cardinal of Republicanism. He spoke the other night in behalf of his party, and what he says of it is of more importance than the word of any other man. His ideas were: That the Democratic victories in Ohio and Indiana meant repudiation; that Democratic victory in New York meant the victory of Tweedism; that the pelting of Grant and Congress will bring reaction in their favor; that public venality is no greater now than it ever was; that the Republican Party is a self-curing party; that this is a larger country to govern than the country of the good old times; that the policy of the Republican Party is to pay the national indebtedness in coin.

PORTLAND CITY, MAINE, has a fine opportunity for becoming a commercial rival to Boston. The officers of the Grand Trunk Railroad are urging the citizens to erect an elevator and construct commodious wharfage, and a new steamship line from that city to Liverpool is proposed by capitalists, who are ready to begin work at once. John Roach offers to build the vessels, and take one-third the stock of the company. With the facilities of the Grand Trunk line greatly increased by its recent change from the broad to the narrow gauge,

there appears no just reason why the city should not achieve a high commercial position in a very few years, if the liberality of its citizens is aroused.

THURLOW WEED, last week, wrote to the *New York Times* a letter, in which he gave several political opinions and reminiscences. He said that President Lincoln was of the belief that if Governor Seymour used his power in the State of New York loyally he would be rewarded with the Presidency; but that Governor Seymour was controlled by Copperheads. General McClellan refused to preside at a certain Union meeting. Mr. Greeley urged the North to make peace with the South on the best available terms, and therefore Mr. Weed voted against him for State Comptroller. Mr. Tilden was not loyal, and therefore Mr. Weed urged people to vote for General Dix. For the future, Mr. Weed prophesies that Rebels and Rebel sympathizers will come to the surface wherever Democratic victory is won.

EXTRAVAGANCE in costume exhibited by leading artists was referred to in a recent number of this paper. Little is known by the public of the cost of presenting first-class tragedies, comedies, and operas; but indignation is often expressed that the price of admission tickets should reach the dizzy heights they have attained in the last few years. The Carnival and Lenten seasons at Rome will be unusually brilliant, and they will also be expensive. For the Apollo Opera House, Mme. Stoltz is engaged as *prima donna* for \$9,000, while Mme. Urziach will receive \$7,200, Mme. Contorini \$3,000, Mme. Sauiz \$1,800, and Mme. Bracciolini \$1,400. Three tenors demand \$18,000, two baritones \$10,200, and three basses \$18,000. Then there are the expenses of the orchestra, the house-rent, and advertising, which will swell the sum total to over \$100,000. Is there any wonder, then, that for an operatic season of six or eight nights the price of choice seats is placed at four and five dollars?

THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT by Act of Legislature made the denizens of Maine believe themselves the greatest humanitarians of the century. But now they are in a decided fix, and by seizing either horn of the dilemma their pride is sure to be wounded. It has been a standing toast that for many years there has been no instance of the infliction of capital punishment within the limits of the State. Whether this was forgotten or the crime of Wagner, the Isle of Shoals murderer, was considered especially atrocious, is not hinted, but this man was sentenced nearly a year ago to be hanged. The day set apart for the execution comes little short of the meeting of the Legislature, and the question that now puzzles the brains of the authorities is: Shall the law be vindicated by the execution of its decree, or shall a compromise be effected between the murderer and those who abhor the idea of an annihilation of human life on the gallows in a State that glories in having abolished capital punishment? It seems likely that the latter course will be pursued, as attempts are being made to have the day of execution postponed in the hope that the Legislature will alter the sentence to a life imprisonment.

JOHN STUART MILL's great book on Religion is being printed, and the following are its fundamental ideas: "The notion of providential government by an omnipotent being for the good of his creatures must be entirely dismissed. Even of the continued existence of the Creator we have no other guarantee than that he cannot be subject to the laws of death which affects terrestrial beings, since the conditions which produce this liability wherever it is known to exist are of his creating. That this being, not being omnipotent, may have produced a machinery falling short of his intentions, and which may require the occasional interposition of the maker's hand, is a supposition not in itself absurd or impossible, though in none of the cases in which such interposition is believed to have occurred is the evidence such as could possibly prove it; it remains a simple possibility, which those may dwell on to whom it yields comfort, to suppose that blessings which ordinary human power is inadequate to attain may come, not from extraordinary human power, but from the bounty of an intelligence beyond the human, and which continuously cares for man. The possibility of life after death rests on the same footing—of a boon which this powerful being, who wishes well to man, may have the power to grant, and which, if the message alleged to have been sent by him was really sent, he has actually promised. The whole domain of the supernatural is thus removed from the region of belief into that of simple hope; and in that, for anything we can see, it is likely always to remain."

THE SONS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE have just asked permission of President MacMahon to permit them to remove the body of their father from England to France. They promise it shall be quietly accomplished, and above all, not be made an excuse for any political demonstration. MacMahon had not by the last accounts given his answer. This application will remind our readers of a similar one made by Guizot, the ill-starred Minister of the dead King, to the English Government to relinquish the possession of Napoleon's body. Lord Palmerston, who was then the British Foreign Secretary, with his usual sagacity, warned the French Ambassador of the probable consequences of the affair. Lord Walling, in his *Life of Palmerston*, says that the English statesman asked the French Ambassador very plainly "If his royal master, Louis Philippe, wished to restore the Bonaparte family?" "Certainly not!" replied the Frenchman. "Then," rejoined Palmerston, "he is taking the first step towards the accomplishment of that object." Louis Philippe's Minister smiled. We all know that Louis Philippe refused to listen to the warning. He calculated, with the usual shortsightedness of cunning, that it would be a fine stroke of policy to send his sailor son, the Prince de Joinville, in the *La Belle Poule*, to St. Helena, to convey the body of the great conqueror to France, thus rescuing him, as it were, out of English custody. Many now living can remember the imposing ceremonies attend-

ing the obsequies at the Hospital des Invalides; and from that hour Napoleonism strengthened in France. When Palmerston read these accounts in the French journals he said to a friend: "It is impossible to teach a Bourbon."

IMPOSITIONS ON RAILROAD TRAVELERS by large corporations, in enforcing the self-established law that a railroad ticket is good only for the day and trip for which it is sold, are of such frequent occurrence, that it is remarkable more resistance is not made by the public. Various courts have decided, time and time again, that the purchase of a ticket is an agreement between the traveler and the company, by which, in consideration of the payment of certain moneys, the company promises to transport the traveler a certain distance. The traveler is entitled to a seat, and if he wishes to stop over a trip or day at an intermediate station he has the right of so doing without being subject to extra expense. Yet, travelers on the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, the Paterson branch of the Erie Railroad, and other lines, are not permitted to stop over a single trip without paying full fare from the intermediate to the terminal station. A wealthy gentleman of New England, not many years ago, refused to pay the additional fare after stopping at a city between the termini of his trip, and was forcibly ejected from the cars. He brought suit for damages, and eventually won the suit. In an interview with the President of the corporation, after stating his grievance, he was imperiously told: "We intend to make our road so powerful that no one will dare fight us." On the Circular Railway of Paris no fare is exacted of a traveler if the conductor fails to furnish him with a seat; but on many American roads the cars are packed like so many cattle-boxes, and if any remonstrance is made, the complainant is informed that he can either get off, or take some other road the next time. Germany has taken the most liberal view of this annoyance, and has just enacted a law by which the holder of a railroad-ticket may stop at any point on his journey for any period, the ticket remaining good until used.

CLERGYMEN'S RELATIONS TO WOMEN affect the pen of Josiah G. Holland, the conservative "Timothy Titecomb" of popular literature. He does not think so well of women as of pastors; thinks, indeed, that women want to hide their desires from their pastors. Discontented wives, in his opinion, are liable to have dangerous intimacies. Such women respect their counseling pastors much more than their brutes of husbands. But they do not go to their pastors to be tempted; they go for sympathy and confidence. Here is just where we do not agree with the aforesaid Dr. Holland. Ministers are not always wise counselors or pure sympathizers. So many fools go into the ministry, that the average preacher is not as a wise man very much to our appreciation. Some good old lady who has passed through the temptations of girlhood, the troubles of wedded life, and into the calmness of frilled caps and gray hairs, is the one to whom a young wife should go for sweet and gentle counsel. Here ideas are passive. Those of ministers are sometimes too positive. Ministers have domestic trials of their own, and they are not always good judges, for that very reason. But Dr. Holland mentions another class of women who are likely to fall into "dangerous intimacies"; those who have grown up under the tutelage of the pastor. Dr. Holland thinks there is really no danger here. Again, we disagree with him. We do not care how much Dr. Holland may speculate as to the fact that if a preacher is wrong with one woman in his congregation he is uneasy while he is preaching, with her in his congregation. The thing is done nevertheless, and it is not the hell-on-earth suffering of the pastor for which we care. We have in mind at this moment a popular preacher, hardly forty years of age, whose wife weeps day and night because young girls in his congregation have mentioned to her that her husband has given them paroxysmal kisses. In the same ward is a preacher who weekly registers himself at a second-class hotel as "J. Smith and wife," while the wife is quietly sewing buttons on his shirt at home, and her name is not Mrs. J. Smith, either. Those two men in one ward of say 4,000 inhabitants are good for the souls of a girl apiece every year. They may fail fifty times. On the fifty-first trial of the paroxysmal kiss, they succeed. Rather let the fifty pure ones have no pastoral counseling, but some silver-spectacled old lady's counseling, than that the fifty-first girl in her mistiness and toly should fall. The minister's supremacy as a man, as well as a preacher, is too great in these weak times.

CONCERNING NEWSPAPER PICTURES, Henry Blackburn, art editor of *London Society*, writes an interesting letter to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. Many persons will not agree with Mr. Blackburn's theories, but will be glad to read them. He says: When I was in America, last year, I took some pains to discover whether, in your newspaper-devouring country, you had attained proficiency in the art of sketching in line, and of reporting events pictorially. The result of my investigations, and of the two exhibitions of "sketches in black and white" in New York, seemed to prove that you are as yet strangely behind the Old World in a branch of art in which it would be easy for you to excel. As I write, a letter comes from New York asking me to send to America "an artist who has great talent and quickness in sketching," for one of your principal illustrated journals. All this seems to me a mistake, and I should certainly hesitate to recommend an artist with the European methods grafted upon him to go to America on this errand. But what are your people about that you do not draw out the native talent that is in you? and why does not the teaching in the otherwise excellent schools of art in America recognize this want? I have a right to assume that your schools fail because there is no satisfactory result. Both by habit and temperament the American eye and mind are, of all others, the best adapted for quick and accurate recording of impressions; and yet, for "an artist of talent and quickness," you send to London or Paris, confessing that "the ten men" who could draw satisfactorily for

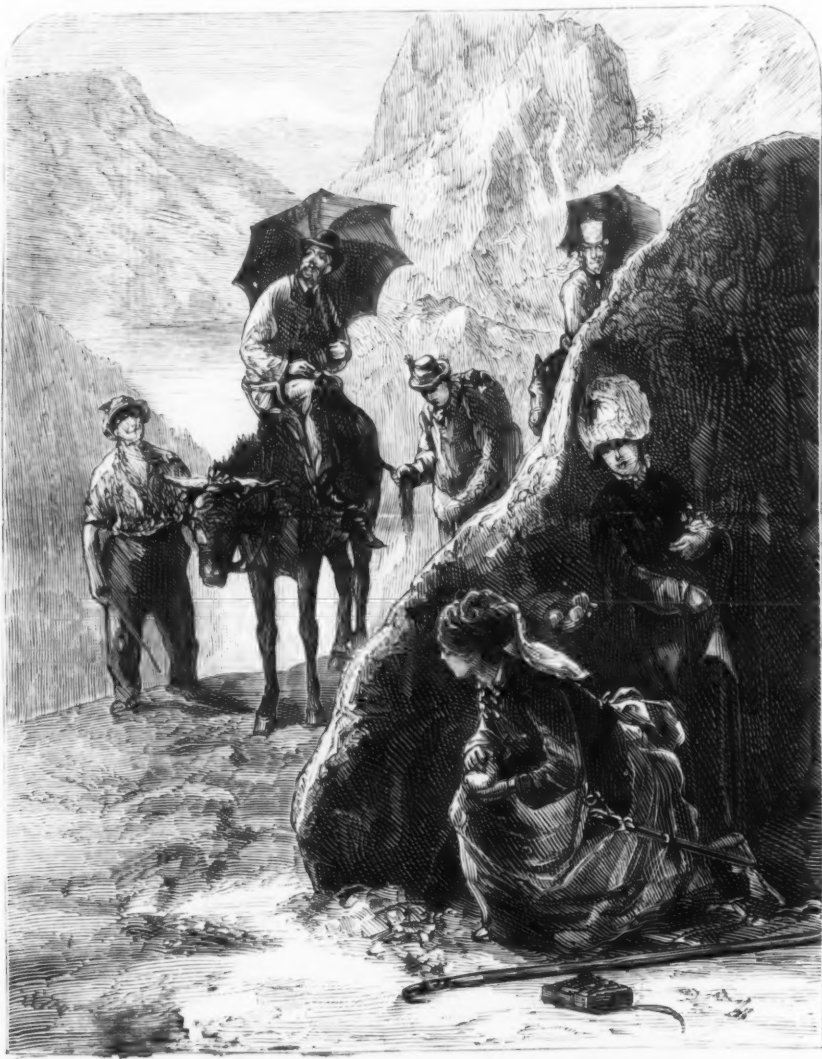
your papers last year have not increased to twenty! Having ventilated this subject in New York at the time of the exhibition above referred to, but without much result, my thoughts turn to a more distant centre of activity in journalism, and to a remark you made to me once (when I had the honor of an introduction to the quadrilateral), that if I had any subject of public interest to communicate, I was to "write to Louisville." Through your columns then I would direct attention to the much-neglected art of sketching in line, believing that it may reach new and untrodden quarters. What is asked for is this: That a young artist should, through patient years of study with one object in view, master the art of drawing the figure directly in line, and of exhibiting facial expressions without distortion. When he has done this, if he bring with him some natural genius and humor, he may easily cast off his crutches, and come to the front. But, as Mr. Ruskin pleaded with his pupils, "before he is roused into enthusiasm he must be humiliated into accuracy"—i. e., perfect truth of line. Why do I trouble your readers with an artistic topic when so many events of more importance occupy the public mind? Because it happens that for the first time in the history of journalism you can make a satisfactory electro-relief block of a pen-and-ink sketch in six hours, and print it in your newspaper. I send you specimens of results in this direction during the last six months, which exceed in utility for journalistic papers any process of illustration I could discover in America. What, therefore, you want, I repeat it once more, are good original drawings, for a satisfactory process of reproduction is at last achieved. The perfection of new processes for illustrations (of which I can, if you desire it, give your readers further information), comes at a time when, strange to say, there is little or no advance in the art of drawing. As art editor at the present moment of the *Pictorial World* and *London Society*, I venture to say that there is a want of truth and originality in most of our artists which is unpardonable considering that they know that every careless line is repeated 60,000 times. How does it strike you, enterprising men of the West?

HENRY BLACKBURN.

Garrick Club, London, Sept. 30th, 1874.

WENDELL PHILLIPS has addressed the following letter to Mr. G. J. Holyoake on the subject of Monopolies: I ought long ago to have thanked you for sending me copies of your pamphlets, and with so kind and partial a recognition of my co-operation with you in your great cause. That on Mill was due certainly to a just estimate of him, but how sad that human jackals should make it necessary. Those on co-operation I read again and again, welcoming the light you throw on it, for it is one of my most hopeful stepping-stones to a higher future. Thank you for the lesson; it cleared one or two dark places—not the first I owe you, by any means, for I've read everything of yours I could lay my hands on. There was one small volume on rhetoric, "Methods of Address, Hints towards Effective Speech," etc., which I studied faithfully until some one to whom I had praised it and loaned it, acting, probably, on something like Coleridge's rule, that books belong to those who most need them, never returned me my well-thumbed essay, to my keen regret. Probably you never knew that we pirated your book. This was an American reprint, wholly exhausted—proof that it did good service. We reprinted, some ten years ago, one of your wisest tracts, "The Difficulties that Obstruct Co-operation." It did us yeomanly service. I wish I could have an hour's talk with you on this Labor and Capital question; one, perhaps, to have as angry an agitation as slavery caused. Wealth, with you, governs, but its power is, I suppose, somewhat masked, sometimes counteracted or checked by other forces. With us it rules, bare, naked, shameless, undisguised. Our incorporated wealth, often wielded by a single hand, is fearful with direct, and still more with indirect, power. We have single men who wield \$400,000,000, so shaped that towns, counties, States, are its vassals. Two or three united railways (one president) will subject a State to their will. Vanderbilt is reported to say, "It is cheaper and surer to buy Legislatures than voters." This is the peril of universal suffrage. Then run rules our great cities whenever it chooses to exert its power. The sadness of the whole thing is, one hardly sees whence the cure is to come. I don't see. Truly our movements demand a most patient faith. I never expected to see any success of our anti-slavery struggle. Fortified in Church, State, and capital, the system would have outlived this generation, and perhaps the next, with ordinary shrewdness on the part of its friends. The gods made them mad on their way to destruction, and so hastened it. Neither shall I live long enough to see any marked result of our labor movement here, though it is true that our masses ripen marvelously quick; but, as you've said, the cliques, jealousies, distrust and ignorance of workmen are our chief obstacles. Indeed, we sometimes get better help from open-hearted capitalists. Your ranks are infinitely better trained than ours to stand together on some one demand just long enough to be counted, and so insure that respect which numbers always command in politics, where universal suffrage obtains. Then we'll have all the brains of the land our servants, and soon gain that attention which is here half of success. But I suppose all this is familiar to you, as well as the strength we expect from related questions—finances, mode of taxation, land tenure, etc. There'll never be, I believe and trust, a class party here, labor against capital, the lines are so indefinite, like doves' neck-colors. Three-fourths of our population are to some extent capitalists, and again all see that there is really, and ought always to be, alliance, not struggle, between them. So we lean chiefly on related questions for growth—limitation of hours is almost the only special measure. But enough; I shall beg you to accept a volume of old speeches, printed long ago, because it includes my only attempt to criticize you, which you probably never saw. I will put, when I mail it, the last and best photograph of Sumner, and if you exchange, I will add one of Yours, faithfully and ever.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 151.



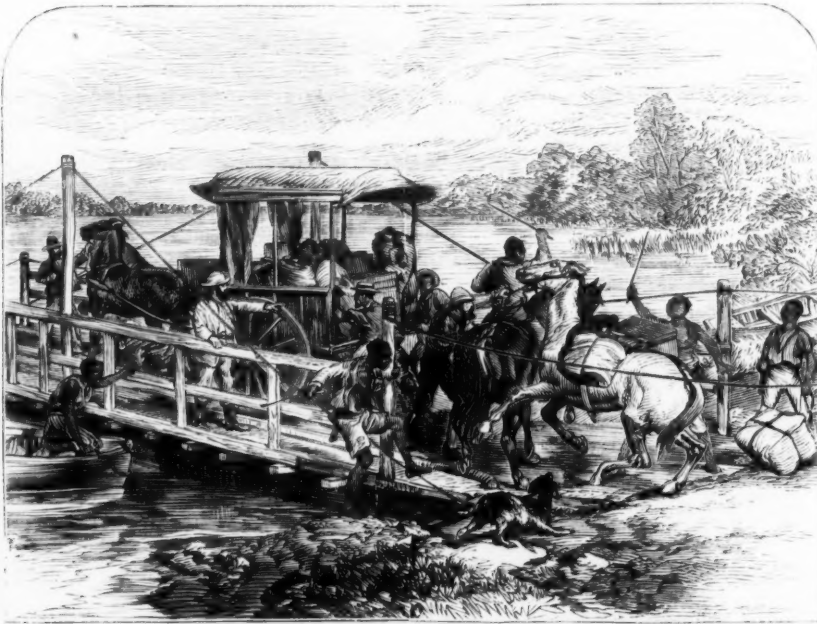
"SWITZERLAND.—THE AUTUMN TOUR—FAIR HIGHWAYMEN IN THE ALPS



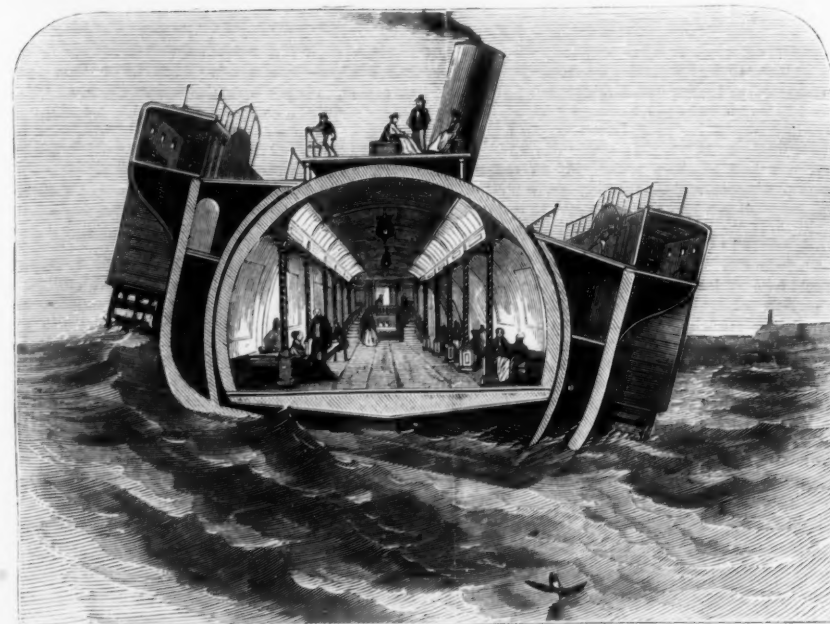
SWITZERLAND.—THE AUTUMN TOUR—CUTTING OFF A FEARFUL CORNER.



ENGLAND.—CANAL LIFE—TEA-TIME ON A MONKEY-BOAT.



SOUTH AFRICA.—DIAMOND-FIELDS—PONTON OVER VAAL RIVER.



ENGLAND.—VIEW AND SECTION OF THE "BESSEMER" STEAMER, WITH SWINGING SALOON.



FRANCE.—PARIS—TRANSFERRING REPTILES FROM THE JARDIN DES PLANTES TO THE NEW GALLERY.



THE "WHAT CHEER HOUSE," A CELEBRATED HOTEL FOR MINERS.

SAN FRANCISCO BUILDINGS.

WE present, above, an illustration of the "What Cheer House," which is both a hotel and an institution of San Francisco. It has existed since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It is situated in the business portion of the town, on an unfashionable narrow street, and is a resort for miners who go down to 'Frisco for an outfit or a little extravagance, socially. Here, in reading-room and sitting-room, may be seen dozens of Truthful Jameses and Bill Nyes, in broad-brimmed felt hats, such as may occasionally be seen at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York. It is a house run on strictly moral principles, furnishing fair living at low prices, and is famous for its "three dishes for twenty-five cents." In other days there was a sign over the stone descent to the eating-dive, which read, "Gentlemen are requested not to sleep on the steps."

The Jewish Synagogue, on Sutter Street, is an imposing edifice, which, lying on half-rising ground, may be seen from nearly all parts of the city. Its two great domes are attractive objects to the sight-seer from the bay, or from the crest which stretches towards Lone Mountain Cemetery.

The Merchants' Exchange is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the world, and is furnished with great taste and elegance. The merchants of San Francisco are a peculiar people, liberal, enterprising and energetic, and probably no handsomer class of men exist anywhere. Since the completion of the Pacific Railroad wholesale trade has been greatly damaged, retail dealers having now an opportunity to buy in the East. Many monopolies have thus been broken down, and San Francisco trade has been put upon the rates of the general market. That road did more to give San Francisco the benefits of civilization than any other influence. But what San Francisco merchants lost in monopolies they have gained in a local trade enhanced by immigration, and in exportations to the East. That San Francisco is thrifty may be seen by the picture of the fine Exchange which its merchants have erected.

The California Theatre is the most popular place of entertainment in San Francisco, although Tom Maguire's new theatre is its dangerous rival. The California Theatre is unpretentious, has seen better days, and is pretty neither inside nor out. Mr. John McCallough is its proprietor and manager. It gives sensational dramas to the public.

Dupont Street, just out of Montgomery Street, contains the better class of mercantile houses of the



THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE ON SUTTER STREET.

Chinese. Tea is the great article of trade, and sitting quietly in their stores are men in blue blouses and with pig-tails, who count their money by millions. These merchants are a respectable, inoffensive class, and because of their wealth and worth obtain greater regard from the whites than is received by the mass of Chinese. On their public holidays the yare very hospitable, serving tea and opium-cigarettes to all callers, and exploding box after box of fire-crackers, in a moody silent way from balconies and windows. The trade of this street is something wonderful, although the houses are not remarkable for size or beauty.

A CALL ON WHITTIER.

ON a pretty side of the river, about a mile distant, across the Amesbury line, Mass., is the cottage of Whittier—a plain, old-fashioned house, of modest dimensions, with nothing to attract the attention of passers-by. A simple front yard, without ornamentation—save a few trees, two or three lilac-bushes and a bunch of flowers—this is all there is externally of the abode of the Quaker poet. In company with my old friend, J. N. C., who has written some pleasant things about the whales and the sea, I called to see him yesterday. He answered the door-bell in person, and gave us a very cordial greeting, considering we were both strangers, and without letters. He led us through what I took to be the dining-room direct to his charming little study, whence has issued his immortal verses. A cheery, open fireplace, with the old-fashioned brass andirons; a small table, thickly scattered with manuscript and writing materials; a few well-filled shelves of books; three or four chairs; pictures of Sumner and Lincoln, with a few photographs of his literary and personal friends, constitute the place where he writes. The poet himself is a tall, spare man of about sixty-five; erect; of plain garb, inclining to the Quaker cut; an eye dark and piercing, but singularly mild and kindly in his glance, while his whole countenance beams with inexpressible benignity. He at once placed us at our ease, and made inquiries about what he termed our Wonderful City of the West, saying he had never been in Illinois. When I spoke of the thousands who would give him a loving welcome to their Western homes, he said they were only too kind, and that he hoped at some time to visit Chicago, and regretted he was not able to attend the reunion of the old Abolitionists in June last. He



THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.



THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE.



CHINESE MERCANTILE HOUSES IN DUPONT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOUSEWORTH & CO.

then spoke of his early experiences in Philadelphia, when Mr. Garrison and others, including himself, came so near being mobbed. He alluded to an incident that happened not long after the war, when he met, somewhere, two Virginia ladies, who said to him: "Mr. Whittier, we should be happy to see you in Richmond, and will make you welcome to our houses;" to which he replied: "I am glad to hear these say this, but how if I had made thee a visit in 1862?" Speaking of Mr. Lincoln, he said: "I received the news of his first nomination—he being then unknown to me—with deep disappointment and sorrow, equalled only by the deeper grief I felt at the news of his death, when I had come to love him so well." He alluded to the troubles in Louisiana, and said, with emphasis, that while he supposed the President had only done his duty in suppressing the outbreak, he considered the Kellogg government a fraud. Reverly Johnson's letter, favoring Kellogg's resignation and a new election, he thought a wise suggestion. Upon rising to go, he gave us a cordial invitation to come again. We took our leave, after a visit which, to me, was a rare treat, and will not soon be forgotten.—*Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.*

RINALDO TO ARMIDA.

THY hair hath so blinded my sight, my dear,
Thy long, dark hair,
That heaven no more seems bright or near;
I take no care,
Though from the heights still beckons she
Whom men call Honor—I may not see;
Lo! in this plain is peace with thee,
And the upland peaks are bleak and bare.

My soul is fulfilled with thy voice my dear,
I may not know
If still the clarion soundeth clear,
That want to blow,
Low in the day and loud by night,
To tempt me on where the heroes fight;
Sing to me, fold me in arms of white,
Lying by thee in the sunflower row!

One white hand hast thou laid on my heart,
Its pulse is stilled;
One on my lips, they only part,
As thou hast willed,
To kiss or to murmur thy sweet name;
And what is this that men call Fame?
And what is this they speak of shame?
Love lives, and the elder gods hath killed!

AT THE

Sign of the Silver Flagon

BY

B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Griff," "Blade o' Grass," "Jessie Trim,"
"Golden Grain," etc.

PART THE FIRST.

THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD.

XIX.

"DEAR OLD FELLOW! GOD BLESS MARGARET AND YOU!"

THE sun rose next morning upon a sad sight. High Street, Silver Creek, was nothing but a long line of ruins. More than five hundred stores had been burnt to the ground. All over the gold-diggings work was suspended, and the diggers flocked in to see the sight. They did not stand idly by; they tucked up their sleeves, and every European and American there gave a day's work for nothing. William Smith sent orders to the Margaret Range: The William Smith quartz-crushing-machine was stopped, and all the workmen came in to lend a helping hand. They did wonders under William Smith's directions: he was to many what sound wine is to enfeebled bodies. He strengthened, sympathized, encouraged, all in a breath, and set a fine example by working as zealously as the most zealous. It was not with him, "Do as I say," but, "Do as I do." The first duty of the workers was a solemn one: to find the ashes of those who had been burnt to death in the fire. Five persons were known to have perished—among them Margaret's mother. Strangely enough, no one had thought of her while the fire was raging; in the larger interest that centred around Margaret and Philip this poor little quiet woman had been forgotten. Very tenderly and gently were the remains of the dead gathered from the ruins; they were but blackened cinders, which crumbled almost at the touch, and awe and grief were on the faces of the rough men as they deposited the sad heaps in ground made sacred by its burden, and covered them over with blankets. This duty performed, their thoughts turned to other and more cheerful matters, and they bustled briskly about. Before noon twenty canvas tents were up, at a little distance from the street—the ground there was as yet too hot to build upon—and twenty burnt-out store-keepers had recommenced business. So great were the bustle and animation, that the sufferers really had no time to be faint-hearted. Every man's example was an encouragement to his neighbor; emulation was excited, and all strove to outvie each other. But we must away from the scene—nearer ties claim our attention. In a week Silver Creek township will seem scarcely the worse for its terrible conflagration. Business will be carried on as usual, and the building of new stores will be going on from one end of High Street to the other. None will be put up of canvas. Most of them will be built of wood, and a few of stone. Thus cities are made. Experience teaches.

In a large tent, on the Camp Ground where the Government buildings are erected, are three persons. Mr. Hart, with his left arm in a sling, is standing by the side of a low bed, gazing mournfully down; so rapidly was his noble task accomplished, when he rushed into the flames to save his friend, that he escaped with very little injury. He was scorched and burnt, but not seriously, his left arm being the part of him which had suffered the most. The physical part of him, I should say; for all that was mental in him was quivering with anguish. At his feet, on the ground, sits Margaret. Our Margaret? Yes; although you would not have believed, had you only your own eyes to trust for confirmation. Her flesh was so colorless that every drop of blood seemed to have left her body; but your imagination will supply a better picture of this hapless, broken-hearted young creature than my pen can draw. On the low bed by which she is sitting, with misery and despair in her heart and face, lies a black mass which once was Philip, which is Philip still, for a few brief hours.

For he was not dead when Mr. Hart dragged him from the flaming walls; the life had not been quite burnt out of him; but he was dying fast now. "Before the sun rises," said the doctors, with sad meaning in their voices. It was most merciful that

it should be so; for had he lived the full span of man's life he would never again have seen the light, nor could any person have looked upon his face without a shudder of pain.

They could do nothing for him except to shed upon him the light of their pitiful love; and blackened and burnt as he was, this sweet and divine compassion, in some strange way, reached his senses, and if his lips could be said to smile, they smiled in grateful acknowledgment. "Poor Philip! Poor soul! Dear, dearest love!" they murmured, and their words were not lost. They were to him as water, cold and sweet and clear, as to a parched mouth. Even in the darkness through which he was struggling, blind, impotent, helpless, glimpses of delicious light broke upon his suffering soul.

A hundred times Margaret was on the point of giving way, but Mr. Hart whispered to her: "Be strong, my dear child, be strong! Your voice is to him as the dew to a flower."

"As the dew to a flower!" she murmured. "God pity him! God pity me! He was my life, and he is going."

"To another world, dear child," he said to her, in a beautiful soft voice, "where we shall join him in God's good time."

And as though he had a thing to do which was necessary for Philip's comfort, the old man went swiftly out of the tent, and groaned and wept there, where Margaret could not see him. Then raised his eyes from the earth, and mutely prayed that peace might come to Margaret's troubled soul.

She, moistening Philip's lips with pure spring water, never moved from her husband's side, and prayed that she might die with him. If God is merciful, she thought, He will take me also.

William Smith came to the tent, but when Margaret saw him she shivered and held her hands before her eyes to shut him out from her sight. The man needed no other sign; straight from the tent he walked, and sat outside, talking to Mr. Hart. He was not angry with her; his heart was very tender to her and Philip.

"It is natural that she should not wish to see me," he said to Mr. Hart; "it was in the house that once was mine that Philip met his death. If I had not wanted Philip's claim, they might have lived together happily." After this touch of sentiment he became practical. "Have you any money?"

"A few shillings."

William Smith put fifty pounds into Mr. Hart's hands.

"Let him want nothing," he said. "He will want nothing presently," sighed Mr. Hart, beneath his breath.

"Come to me if you want anything," added William Smith.

You who know what beautiful tenderness lies in human nature can imagine in what ways it was shown to Margaret and Philip. Women came with sweet offerings during all the day. Had fifty men been dying, instead of one, there would have been supplies for them all. Milk, honey, flowers, jellies, broths, were sent from all quarters; they were laid aside, for there was no use for them, but they were good tokens to give and to receive.

In the night, about eleven o'clock, Mr. Hart observed Margaret's head move closer to Philip's lips; he knelt on the ground on the other side of Philip's bed, and heard the dying man whisper:

"Margaret—my beloved—my darling—Margaret, my heart! Margaret, I love you—love you—love you!"

For an hour these were the only words he murmured, at intervals, in many different ways.

"Do you know me, dearest?" she asked; "do you hear me? It is Margaret who is speaking. Your Margaret."

"My Margaret!" he whispered. His voice was like the murmur of the softest breeze. Margaret, with open lips, received his dying words in her mouth. With what pangs of love and anguish did she receive them!

Mr. Hart, during an interval of silence, motioned to Margaret. Might he speak to Philip? Margaret's hand crept across the bed to the old man's. Lover and friend were joined above Philip's breast.

"Philip, my dear boy," said Mr. Hart, "do you know my voice?"

"Dear old fellow!" came presently from Philip. "Noble old fellow! I saw you. God bless Margaret and you!"

All their strength was required for composure; they checked their sobs, so that the sound of them might not disturb him; he could not see the tears that ran down their faces.

Later in the night, as death approached nearer and nearer, Philip's voice grew stronger, and the broken words he sighed denoted that he knew they were by his side, and that he was dying. He had seen Mr. Hart flying to his rescue, and he thanked him in a few sobbing words uttered at long intervals.

"Take care of Margaret," he whispered; "be a father to her." The utterance of the word brought other memories. "Dear old dad! I hoped to see you, and show you my darling. But John Hart will bring her to you. Dear old dad! love Margaret!"

Then his thoughts wandered, and he murmured expressions of affection towards the Silver Flagon—the dear old Silver Flagon—and always in connection with Margaret. All his thoughts clustered about the one supreme image that dwelt in his mind, the image of Margaret.

Mr. Hart whispered to Margaret to ask him the address of his father in the old country, for, strange to say, he had never told them; but all that they could get from him now were fitful words, in which darling Margaret, the Silver Flagon, his dear old dad, and his faithful friend, were mentioned without connection.

An hour later, his whispered words denoted that his memory was wandering to the happy hours he had spent behind the scenes with Margaret; then he was riding for flowers for Margaret: "Oh, if it's for that!" he murmured, repeating the words of the woman who had sold him the flowers; and then, "An echo stole it, and I heard it singing Margaret as I rode on. I listened to her heart, and she said it beat for me. She loves me; she loves me!" He murmured these last words, as though in happier days he had been in the habit of whispering them as a charm. Presently his feeble fingers seemed to be seeking for something, and Mr. Hart, divining that he was seeking for the flowers he had bought for Margaret, placed near to his face a bunch that had been brought to the tent as a love-offering. A sigh escaped from the poor burnt bosom, and after that Philip did not speak again.

So the night crept on, and silence reigned within and without the tent. They could scarcely hear Philip's breathing; and when the morning's light was trembling below the horizon, and the quivering in the skies denoted that day was awaking, he lay an inanimate mass before them. They did not know it for a long time. William Hart was the first to discover it. With a solemn look in his eyes, he drew up the white sheet, and softly, tenderly covered the face of his friend. With white lips and bursting pupils Margaret watched the action, and when the form of what once was Philip was only indicated by the outlines of the white sheet which

covered him, her strength gave way, and with a groan of anguish she sank upon the ground. Then it was that Mr. Hart felt the want of woman's help. He went out of the tent to obtain it, and found William Smith sitting on the ground a few yards away. He had sat there throughout the whole of that sad night.

"It is all over," said Mr. Hart, with sighs and sobs.

"Poor Philip! Poor dear lad!" said William Smith, and made no effort to keep back the tears.

They went together to the camp, and brought back a woman with them, who raised Margaret from the ground, and otherwise attended to her. Her state was truly pitiable; and the worst aspect of it was that her grief seemed to have dried up the fountain of her tears.

"If she would only cry!" thought Mr. Hart, as she gazed at him with her despairing, tearless eyes.

He was her only comfort. She turned from all others with shuddering aversion, and had she been able, she would have refused, and not with gentleness, their kind offices. Truth was, she hated the place in which her love had died, and hated the people who lived in it. It was unreasonable in her, but it was so.

She asked for her mother, and they were compelled to tell her the sad truth. She grasped Mr. Hart's hand convulsively.

"You are my only friend now," she said; "you tried to save my Philip. You were always good to him—ah, yes! he told me all, and was never tired of speaking of you. Do not you desert me, or I shall go mad!"

"I will take care of you, child. I promised Philip."

She kissed his hand with her dry lips.

On the day of Philip's funeral, all the stores in Silver Creek closed their doors, and the store-keepers and the diggers and their wives, to the number of three thousand and more, followed to the grave the body of a man whom all had loved and respected.

In the evening, Mr. Hart sat, sad and alone, outside his tent, and for the first time since the death of his friend, thought of himself. Again he was a beggar, and the image of his daughter seemed to recede in the clouds as he gazed at them mournfully, and a plaintive whisper of "Farewell!" seemed to come to him from over the hills. "I shall never have the heart to commence again," he said to himself, "never, never! My life is over; my hopes, my dreams, have come to an end."

"What are you thinking of?" asked a kind voice. It was William Smith who spoke. To this man Mr. Hart told his grief.

"Didn't I tell you to come to me if you wanted anything?" cried William Smith, in reproachful tones. "And here you are, throwing me over, and saying you haven't a friend in the world. You want to go home and see your little girl—well, it's natural, and I wish I could accompany you and see my old mother. But you shall go and see her instead, and you shall tell her that you came straight from her Billy, and you shall paint before her old eyes a picture of the Margaret Reef and the William Smith quartz-crushing machine, bang-bang away, pounding out the gold for W. S. Here are ten twenty-pound notes; get gold for them, and start for the port to-morrow. Oh, don't fret! I never give away nothing for nothing. I want a picture of my old mother's face, just as you see it, a day or two after you land in the old country. You're a painter, and can paint it, and here's payment in advance. There aren't many men in the world that William Smith could trust, but you're one of them. No wonder Philip loved you. I love you! As I hope to be saved, I love you! And—there—I don't intend to say another word. Good-by, dear old fellow, and God Almighty bless you!"

And William Smith pre-ssed the old man in his arms, and ran down the hill in a stumbling fashion, for he was almost blinded by his tears; while Mr. Hart, like one in a dream, gazed after his retreating figure until it was lost to sight. Another besides himself watched this man running away; Margaret, who had heard every word that had passed.

"And you're going home?" she said, with her hand pressed to her bosom.

"Yes, ah, yes," he replied. "I have waited too many times. Home, dear home!"

"And me?" she asked, in a low, supplicating tone. "What is to become of me?"

"You, Margaret! You, my dear child! You go with me, of course! What did I promise Philip? I will be a father to you until I place you in his father's arms. Ah, Margaret, let us kneel down and thank God for all His goodness! For He is good, dear child, in the midst of our greatest afflictions. Ah, that's good—that's good!" for her tears were flowing now for the first time since Philip's death, and she lay in his arms, sobbing.

The next day they bade good-by to Silver Creek; and shortly afterwards they were on board the *Good Harvest*, and the white sails of the ship were spread for England.

PART THE SECOND.

THIS END OF THE WORLD.

I.

THE CURTAIN FALLS FOR A BRIEF SPACE.

FOR a brief space, let the curtain fall. The *Good Harvest* made a fine passage home. It was one of those famous clipper-ships, at once the glory and the pride of commerce, which occasionally make a run of four hundred knots in the twenty-four hours. On those occasions, after the heaving of the log, the skipper rubs his hands joyously, and walks the deck in a state of beaming satisfaction. Then is the time to ask a favor of him.

For a little while after Mr. Hart stepped on board this good ship his spirits were weighed down by melancholy. The tragic death of Philip had affected him powerfully. During their brief acquaintance he had grown to love the young man most deeply and sincerely, and he felt like a father who has lost a darling son. I have already said that Mr. Hart, although he was over sixty years of age, was a young-looking man. He had lines and furrows in his face, but they did not bring a careworn or despondent expression there, as is generally the case. His gait, his voice, his manner, the brightness of his eyes, were those which naturally belong to three decades of years, instead of six. What more pleasant sight is there in human nature than to see old age thus borne? For the first few days, however, after the sailing of the *Good Harvest*, Mr. Hart looked his years.

But to stand upon the deck, holding on by spar or rope, while the noble ship rushed bravely onwards through the grand sea, now riding on the white crests of great water-ranges, now gliding through the wondrous valleys on the wings of the wind, was enough to make an old man young again. It made Mr. Hart young. The salt spray and the fresh, exhilarating breezes drove youth into his pores, and his heart danced within him as day after day passed, and he was drawn nearer and nearer to the shores of old England. They brought back to him also his

natural hopefulness and cheerfulness of heart. The great secret of this change for the better lay in himself. He had faith; he believed in the goodness of God, and in a hereafter. He did not love Philip less because he grieved for him less. "I shall see Philip again," he thought; and his heart glowed as he looked at the sea and the heavens, and saw around him the wondrous evidences of a beneficent Creator.

Every soul on board the *Good Harvest*—with the exception of two or three passengers who had made their fortunes in the old country, and whose natures had been soured in the process—had a smile and a good word for the cheerful and genial old man, who seemed to be always on the lookout to do his neighbors a kindness; he was an exemplification of Macaulay's saying, with reference to a voyage in a passenger ship, "It is every day in the power of an amiable person to confer little services." He was unremittent in his attentions to Margaret, whom, however, he could not win to cheerfulness. It was well for her, during this darkened period of her life, that she had by her side such a faithful friend as Mr. Hart; for, as the constant dropping of water makes an impression even on a stone, so the unwearied care and constant sympathy of this good friend had a beneficial effect upon her spirits. At present the effect was shown only in a negative way: while Mr. Hart's efforts failed to brighten her outwardly during the voyage, they prevented her from sinking into the depths of despair. At first she was loath to speak of Philip, and when Mr. Hart mentioned his name, she looked at him reproachfully; but, knowing that it would be best for her, he wooed her gently to speak of her lost love. These efforts were made always at seasonable times: in the evening when all was quiet around them, and they two were sitting alone, looking over the bulwarks at the beautiful water; when the evening stars came out; later on in the night, when the heavens were filled with stars; when the moon rose; when the clouds were more than usually lovely. The memory of Philip became, as it were, harmonized with these peaceful influences, and his name, gently uttered, brought no disquiet to her soul. She grew to associate Philip with all that was most beautiful and peaceful in nature; and although she would occasionally in the dead of night wake from her sleep in terror with the sight and sound of furious flames in her mind, and with Philip's form struggling in their midst, these disturbing fancies became less frequent as time wore on. One night she awoke, smiling, for she had dreamt of Philip in association with more soothing influences; she and he had been walking together on a still night, with bright stars about them.

She began to be aware of the selfishness of her grief, and to reproach herself for her ingratitude to Mr. Hart. She expressed her penitence to him.

"Well," he said, kindly and seriously, "that is good in one way. It shows that you are becoming a little more cheerful."

She shook her head.

"I shall never again be cheerful; happiness is gone out of my life for ever."

"Philip does not like to hear you say so, Margaret."

Mr. Hart purposely used the present tense. Margaret pondered over the words. "Philip does not like!" That would imply that Philip heard her.

"He does hear you, my dear," said Mr. Hart. "If I believed that you would never see Philip again I should bid you despair; but you and Philip will meet in a better world than this, and that is why I want you to be cheerful, as he would ask you to be, if you could hear his voice."

In this way Mr. Hart aroused to full consciousness the religious principle within her, and it may with truth be said that, although Margaret had lived a pure and sinless life, she had never been a better woman than she was now, notwithstanding the deep sorrow that had fallen upon her.

When the *Good Harvest* had been seventy days out, the skipper said to Mr. Hart that he smelt England. "If all goes well," he said, "we shall be in Victoria Dock in seven days from this."

Mr. Hart immediately went below into his cabin to set his things in order. He mapped out his programme of proceedings. His first task—one of duty—was to see William Smith's old mother. She lived in London, and if he got ashore before mid-day, he would be able to put Margaret into lodgings and see the old woman the same day. Then he would draw before her eyes the sketch of the picture which William Smith had paid him to paint of the Margaret Reef and the William Smith quartz-crushing machine "bang-bang away," and he would delight the old woman's heart by telling her of the grand doings of her son. Mr. Hart calculated that he could accomplish this by the evening, when he would take his sketch away with him, and paint the picture from it in the course of the next three or four weeks. His second task was one of love; he would go to see his daughter. Curiously enough, she was in Devonshire, whither he should have to direct his steps in Margaret's interests. Philip's father lived in "dear old Devon," to use Philip's own words; but that, and the allusions to the Silver Flagon, which had been adopted as the sign of their hotel in Silver Creek, were the only clues which Mr. Hart possessed towards finding old Mr. Rowe. Faint as these clues were (and he had discovered that Margaret could not supply him with any more definite), it was clearly his duty to do the best with them. Margaret, of course, would accompany him to Devonshire, and become acquainted with his daughter Lucy, whose name is now for the first time mentioned. Seated in his cabin, Mr. Hart took out his pocket-book, and wrote in it the order of his proceedings. This being done, he looked over the contents of the book, and came across a blank envelope with a bulky inclosure in it. At first he did not remember how this envelope came into his possession, but he was only in doubt for a moment or two. It was the packet which Philip had given into his charge on the return from his honeymoon. Mr. Hart recalled the conversation that had taken place between them on the occasion, and the promise Philip had exacted from him that he would not give up the envelope until they met in the old country. He sighed as he thought that that meeting could never take place, and he went into the saloon where Margaret was sitting. He asked her if Philip had spoken to her about this trust; she answered, No, and that she was in complete ignorance of it.

"Now that poor Philip's wish cannot be fulfilled," said Mr. Hart, "you had better take possession of the packet."

He held it out to her; she refused to accept it. "It was given into your charge," she said, "by my poor lost darling. Every word he spoke is sacred to me." Her tears began to flow.

"At all events," said Mr. Hart, "we will see what is inside."

He opened the envelope, and found that it inclosed another, well sealed, on the cover of which was written: "The Property of Gerald, and to be opened only by him."

This complicated matters.

"Gerald," thought Mr. Hart, "my name!" and said aloud, "Do you know who Gerald is?"

"My poor darling," replied Margaret, "has spoken to me of a friend he had named Gerald."

"Then this must be he," Mr. Hart replaced the envelope in his pocketbook. "We may have the good fortune to find him. Gerald may have been a college friend."

So that now there was another task, with the slightest of clues, to be fulfilled.

Mr. Hart had noticed, with great inward satisfaction, that during the past two or three weeks Margaret was looking brighter; she had not, it is true, recovered her old animation of speech and manner, but comfort and consolation had come to her in some way. More than once she had seemed to be on the point of confiding something to this dear friend, who was now all in the world she had to cling to, but the words she wished to speak would not come to her tongue. On this night, however, as they stood upon the deck, talking of Philip, of home, of the future, in subdued tones, Mr. Hart learned Margaret's secret. She hoped to become a mother.

"Heaven pray that it may be so!" thought Mr. Hart: "it will be a joy and a solace to her bruised heart."

Another day went by, and another. The *Good Harvest* sailed smartly on to England's shores. The sailors sang blithely at their work; the skipper paced the deck in a joyous frame of mind, thinking of his wife and children at home; and almost at the very hour named by him, the long voyage was at an end, and London smoke was curling over the masts of the famous clipper-ship.

II.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF SWEET AND BEAUTIFUL PLACES.

ON a day in June, when the roses were blooming, there sauntered through one of the sweetest of all the sweet country lanes in England an elderly man, whose hair was white, and whose dress and bearing denoted that he was a gentleman. The lane was a long one, with many windings, and the few persons whom the gentleman met touched their hats and bowed to him as they passed with varying degrees of deference, according to their station; he, on his part, receiving all these greetings with uniform courtesy, and with the acronized air of one to whom homage of this kind was familiar. Walking towards him, at a distance of three or four hundred yards, at the moment his figure first appears upon the scene, was a man of about the same age, whose inquiring looks this way and that proclaimed either that the locality was strange to him, or that he was renewing acquaintance with it after a lapse of years. His dress was composed of much commoner materials than was that of the gentleman whom he was approaching, and there were a careless freedom and an assertion of independence in his manner which only those exhibit who have traveled about the world.

In the minds of these two men, one holding a high, the other an humble, station in life, there was no thought of each other; but the threads of their lives, which had been so wide apart, and for so long a time as to make it appear almost an impossibility that they should ever again be connected, were approaching closer and closer with each passing moment, and would soon be joined, nevermore to be unlinked. They knew not of it, thought not of it; but it was most sure. What is it that shapes our lives—chance, or a wise ordination? Say that, invited by a faint smell of lilac or by the fluttering of a butterfly's wings with a rare color in them which we would behold again, we turn aside for but one moment from our contemplated course—can it be possible that we are such slaves of circumstance that this simple deviation (if it may be so called) may change the current of our lives from good to ill, from bad fortune to prosperity? How often does a breath of air change a comedy into a tragedy! Blindly we walk along, and presently may be struggling in the dark with grim terrors, or may be walking among flowers, surrounded by everything that can make life sweet.

In a very narrow part of the country lane, where the hedgerows were most fragrant, was a stile, upon the top of which the stranger rested his foot, and turning, gazed with pleased and grateful eyes over the fair vista of field and wood which the hedgerows shut out from the view of those who walked on the level path. Although he was between sixty and seventy years of age, his eyes were bright, and his face was the face of one who was prone to look upon the best side of things.

"How fair and beautiful it is!" he murmured gratefully. "What is there in the world half so sweet as these dear old English lanes and fields?" He paused to reflect upon his question; and then, with the whimsically serious air of one who is accustomed to commune with himself, exclaimed, "Nonsense, Gerald, nonsense! The world is full of sweet and beautiful places."

Gentle undulations of land, beautified by various colors, were before him; shadows of light passed over the landscape like waves, and stole from it the sadness which is ever an attribute of still life. There were farm-yards in the distance, and sheep, with bells round their necks, trudging with patient gait to where the most tempting herbage lay. The sheep were at a great distance from the stranger, and by a curious trick of the fancy he listened to the tinkling of the bells, although it was impossible that the sound could reach him. Other sounds he could hear plainly: the cry of the woodpecker, and the more melodious note of the cuckoo, beautifully clear, notwithstanding its slightly plaintive ring.

"And full of sweet sounds, too," mused the stranger, pursuing the current of his thoughts; and added immediately, with the same whimsically serious air, as if in comical defense of a prejudice, "Certainly no birds sing like English birds."

"I beg your pardon."

The threads of their lives had met, never more to be unweaved, and the threads of other lives were presently to be joined to theirs, for weal or woe, as fate might determine. From this chance meeting rare combinations were to spring.

"I was remarking," said the stranger, turning to the gentleman who was standing by the stile, waiting to cross, "and not with justice, that no birds sing like English birds." The gentleman did not answer him, and then he comprehended that the words uttered by the gentleman had been used not in contradiction of his statement, but as a request that he would move aside. He descended from the stile with a courteous smile, and said, "I beg your pardon, I am sure, both for blocking up the roadway and for misunderstanding you; but I was so rapt in the beauty of the scene and in my own thoughts, that I misinterpreted the intention of your words. Notwithstanding which, I should like to have your opinion as to whether I am right or not."

The gentleman had bent his head in acknowledgment of the half-apology, and when the stranger had ceased speaking, was standing on the other side of stile. The gentleman gazed at the stranger, and recognized at a glance that although he was commonly dressed, his manners and speech were not those of a common person. To have proceeded on his way without a word would have been churlish; therefore he said, in a somewhat indifferent tone: "Right as to the birds?"

"Yes, as to the birds," replied the stranger, with vivacity.

"I cannot say; I have not traveled. Some of our best woodland singers are migratory. But I should say—although I am not in the least way an authority—that it would be no easy matter to find more melodious woods than our English woods."

"That is true; then I was right. Though whether I meant that English birds were or were not better singers than birds of other countries, it would puzzle me to say. But as to the English woods—they are the sweetest and fairest. There again! I have lain in the Australian woods, and my soul has been thrilled by their beauty. Yes, I was right. The world is full of sweet and beautiful places."

The gentleman smiled at these contradictory utterances, but the stranger's words could not have been more at variance with one another than were his speech and his attire. His words were scholarly, and his clothes were patched.

"You look and speak like an Englishman," said the gentleman.

"I am one."

"From your words I should judge that this part of England is strange to you."

"It is more than thirty years since I was last in Devonshire."

"That is a long time—you must find it changed somewhat."

"Somewhat."

While these words were being exchanged, their observation of each other, which had been slight at first, grew closer and more searching, and into their eyes stole a pondering look so curiously alike that one seemed to be a reflection of the other. But for the influence which this close observation exercised upon him, the gentleman would not have stopped to converse with an unknown man, and with one so far beneath him, in a worldly point of view. The stranger repeated thoughtfully:

"Yes, I find it somewhat changed."

"It is in the nature of things," said the gentleman, "to change as we grow older."

"Not so, I find it changed because I have changed. Old eyes and young eyes see the same things differently. Are the clouds less bright than they were when we were young? Are the flowers less beautiful? When Jacob courted Laban's daughters of nights (how they must have laughed in their sleeves, if they wore them, at the old man's craft!), were the nights less lovely than the nights are now?"

The gentleman passed his hand lightly before his eyes, as if to clear away a vapor.

"I am corrected," he said, with the air of a man whose thoughts were traveling one road, while his words traveled another; we sometimes say things without consideration.

"Either because they sound well, or because they seem to savor of wisdom. That comes from our vanity. When men grow as old as we are, they often ape the philosopher. The lark changes into an owl. They try to shape their words so that they may sound like proverbs."

"They utter one occasionally, perhaps."

"Perhaps," said the stranger, in a tone of dubious assent; "but the odds are heavy against it. Even if they do, what then?"

"Proverbs are good and useful utterances," observed the gentleman, adding, in unconscious illustration of the stranger's words—"nuts of wisdom."

The stranger laughed scornfully. "A proverb on proverbs! Nuts of wisdom indeed!"

"Are they not?"

"No; the proverb holds a false position in language. It is used invariably in a general sense, whereas it has only a special application for the time being; then, having served its purpose, loses its value, and should be laid aside until another special circumstance calls for it."

"It would be difficult to establish that."

"Most easy. I will prove it in a practical way. Repeat a proverb—any one that occurs to you; the more familiar the better—and I will mate it with another, equally familiar, which will give it the lie."

The gentleman might have accepted the challenge, but that a laborer, approaching him from his side of the stile, seemed to remind him that he was losing dignity in conversing with one who wore patched clothes, and who was unknown to him. Bidding the stranger "Good-day," and slightly bending his head in acknowledgment of the laborer's deferential bow, he walked slowly away.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY MEN.

TASSO'S conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Smith were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsocial, and even irritable when pressed into conversation.

Kirwin, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was dry and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille, in conversation, was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company, and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in his common conversation never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious, so also was Grotius. Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll. Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was "like a pleasant stream" in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.

BLANCHE BUTLER.

THE one redeeming soft spot in General Butler's life is his love for his only daughter, Blanche, now the wife of Governor Ames, of Mississippi. I very well remember hearing the praises which were sung at her debut. She was educated at Georgetown Convent, and after her graduation she made a protested appearance in the gay society of the capital. "I don't want to go into society," she said to a friend; "it does not satisfy me. I would much prefer staying quietly at home." And this remark made at her first party, where she was surrounded by hosts of eager admirers! Her dress on this occasion won universal applause from its charming simplicity. It was white silk illusion, light and fluffy as sea-foam, and embroidered with pale-green ferns. Her only ornaments, pearls. She must have looked like Undine, after her soul came to her with her fresh, fair complexion, chased with faint blushes; her tall, slender figure; her pure soft blue eyes; her sweet mouth, with its winning

smile; and her "woman's crown of glory" in her wealth of red-gold hair, such as Titian loved to paint on his Madonnas.

I saw her first at some morning reception, as the newly married bride of Senator Ames, and I followed in the wake of her footsteps like one enchanted with her gentleness and beauty. She wore a heavy silk calling-suit of two rare shades of blue; ermine furs, and white un-cut velvet hat, trimmed with long, graceful ostrich-plumes. As she came in from the winter storm raging without, I thought what a lovely embodiment of the "Spirit of Snow" she looked! Everybody loved gentle Blanche Butler, even those who hated her father the most, and I hear that in her Southern home she wins the same affection from all, no matter what political grounds they stand on.—*Washington Letter to Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE DISPUTED SEAT.

IT is very pleasant to visit the theatre, but to enjoy it thoroughly one should be careful to have tickets for reserved seats. With your lady friend on your arm you pass through the lobby, and on approaching the auditorium you allow her to slip her arm from yours, when, if you have a familiar face, the very suave usher with the side-whiskers, who has for years enjoyed the favor of opera goers, will approach you with dignified bows, receive your checks, and lead the way to the seats. Here, the advantage of having these bits of pasteboard is fully seen. Of course you are somewhat late. Madame has given a little unusual attention to her hair. People look at her through their glasses, and while you stop to catch a word of admiration upon her appearance, the usher discovers that your seats are occupied by a couple who evince no disposition to yield possession. The gentleman is inclined to do the fair thing, but his partner, who is evidently the man of the family, sinks her elbow into his side and forbids surrender. Your lady is perplexed, and it is very likely your collar will bind your neck inconveniently about this time; but the usher, bless him! is serene and determined. He asks the intruders to show their checks. Not having any, the gentleman attempts an apology, while his partner bemoans her fate in being a portion of this domestic fixture. The usher conquers, regrets the inconvenience to which he has been obliged to put the strangers, hopes no offense has been given your company and bows himself away, as the curtain is rung up.

"FRESH FLYING-FISH!"

BARBADOES has been long and justly celebrated for the number, variety and quality of the fish found in the waters surrounding the island—an abundance which Providence seems to have especially provided against the wants of the thousands of the poorer class of the inhabitants of that over-populated place. Among the great variety of members of the finny tribe which find their way to the tables of rich and poor alike, there are none which form a more delicate article of food than the flying-fish. This little fish is caught in vast numbers by the fishermen of the island, who, putting out to sea at nightfall, invariably return with their boats loaded to the water's edge with their spoils.

In consequence of the number engaged in the trade, and of the great quantities of fish taken, the price has, of late years, become merely nominal, so that a delicacy which in New York would command an almost fabulous price is in Barbadoes within reach of the means of the poorest negro on the island.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Autumnal scenes in Switzerland.—The frolicsome antics of an English tourist party have given much piquancy to a series of Swiss views sketched during the past summer. The ladies, on approaching the Gemini Pass, gave up their mules for a time to the gentlemen, and, disappearing from view, shortly after frightened them by a snow ball attack from behind a rock. At one corner of the Gemini there is no protection by hand-rail, and the view of the dizzy gulf below quite unnerves the experienced traveler, and much caution is necessary to make the turn with safety.

Canal-boat life.—Special attention has been drawn to this subject by the recent explosion of gunpowder on a canal-boat in Regent's Canal, London, England. For the management of the flying and monkey-boats there are a captain or steerer, three men, or two men and a boy, who are chosen, fed and paid by the officer running the boat for the company. There is more domesticity seen upon these than on other boats, and our engraving fitly represents the good humor that prevails in this apparently strange kind of life.

The South African diamond fields.—The interior of South Africa, north of the Cape Colony and west of Natal, is traversed by the Vaal, a tributary of the Orange River. The diamond fields lie mostly on the left bank of the Vaal; but the gold diggings are some 300 miles to the north from Klifdrift. The first stage crosses the Vaal by a pontoon floating bridge which was constructed two or three years ago.

Sectional view of the "Bessemer" steamer.—Two attempts have been made in the construction of ocean steamships to avoid the rolling that causes so much discomfort in marine travel. The *Catalina* twinship consists of two hulls fastened together, and the *Bessemer* steamer is distinguished by having a swinging saloon, which, it is claimed, will, like the pendulum compass, experience no motion, even in the roughest sea. The *Bessemer* saloon proper is about 70 feet long, 26 feet wide, and very lofty. The weight of the saloon is borne by four large bearings, one at each end, and two near the centre. The end bearings are fixed on iron transverse bulkheads, which are well stiffened by fore and aft ways to prevent them buckling. The heavy thud of the sea against the sides of the ship, so objectionable in cabins built against the framing of the vessel, will be wholly unfelt, as there will be a space of five feet between the saloon and the sides of the ship, from which, in fact, it will be entirely disconnected.

New gallery for reptiles, Paris.—The new gallery for reptiles in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, differs from the old one, not only by its elegance and the numerous advantages it offers the public, but also in that each cage is adorned, as far as practicable, with plants pertaining to the country from which the reptile was originally obtained. The engraving represents the transferring of some of the most dangerous reptiles to their new quarters.

Sheffield, England, has, through its industry, developed a small volcano, which has, however, failed to prove attractive to residents in the neighborhood. Waste furnace slag, while yet warm, has been thrown on a piece of land until heaped fourteen feet in depth, and covering altogether about an acre of ground, have been formed. Fires broke out in these masses of slag recently, and created consternation in the neighborhood. When water was thrown on the burning slag, it exploded and liberated noxious vapors, which caused sickness among the residents of adjacent dwellings.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

An indictment for polygamy, under the Act of Congress, was found in Salt Lake City.... Dr. Paine, late Protestant Bishop of Africa, died in Virginia.... Citizens of Memphis, Tenn., protested against the presence of Federal soldiers in the city pending election.... The New York Baptist Missionary Convention was in session at Hornellsville.... Bail was refused in the case of the St. Martin's Parish (La.) prisoners.... The canon against Ritualism was adopted by the Protestant Episcopal Convention.... An effort will be made to strengthen the Union League in the South.... Immediate relief is needed in Nebraska.... Hamilton, Jersey City's defaulting Treasurer, surrendered himself.... Democratic nominees for the Common Council were elected in every ward of Baltimore.... In the Safe Burglary case, Zurich swore that Detective Nettleship paid him to leave the country.... A revolution broke out in Lower California, but was suppressed by the people, who killed thirteen insurgents and their leader.... The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the American Missionary Society was held in Chicago, Ill., last week.... The town of Greencastle, Ind., was almost entirely destroyed by fire on October 29th.... Thursday, November 26th, is set apart by the President as a day of thanksgiving.... The election of three bishops was confirmed by the Protestant Episcopal Convention.... At a mass meeting of citizens of New Orleans, resolutions were adopted denouncing the interference of the Federal authorities in State affairs.... The Judges of the United States Supreme Court paid their annual visit to the President, October 29th.... Extensive forest fires raged in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, last week.... The Legislature of Oregon has passed a strict law against gambling.... Maryland is shipping bituminous coal to Halifax for English ocean steamships.... Yellow fever broke out in Charleston, S. C.... General Sheridan predicted an early termination of Indian hostilities.... Judge Neilson denied Mr. Beecher's demand for a bill of particulars from Mr. Tilton.

FOREIGN.

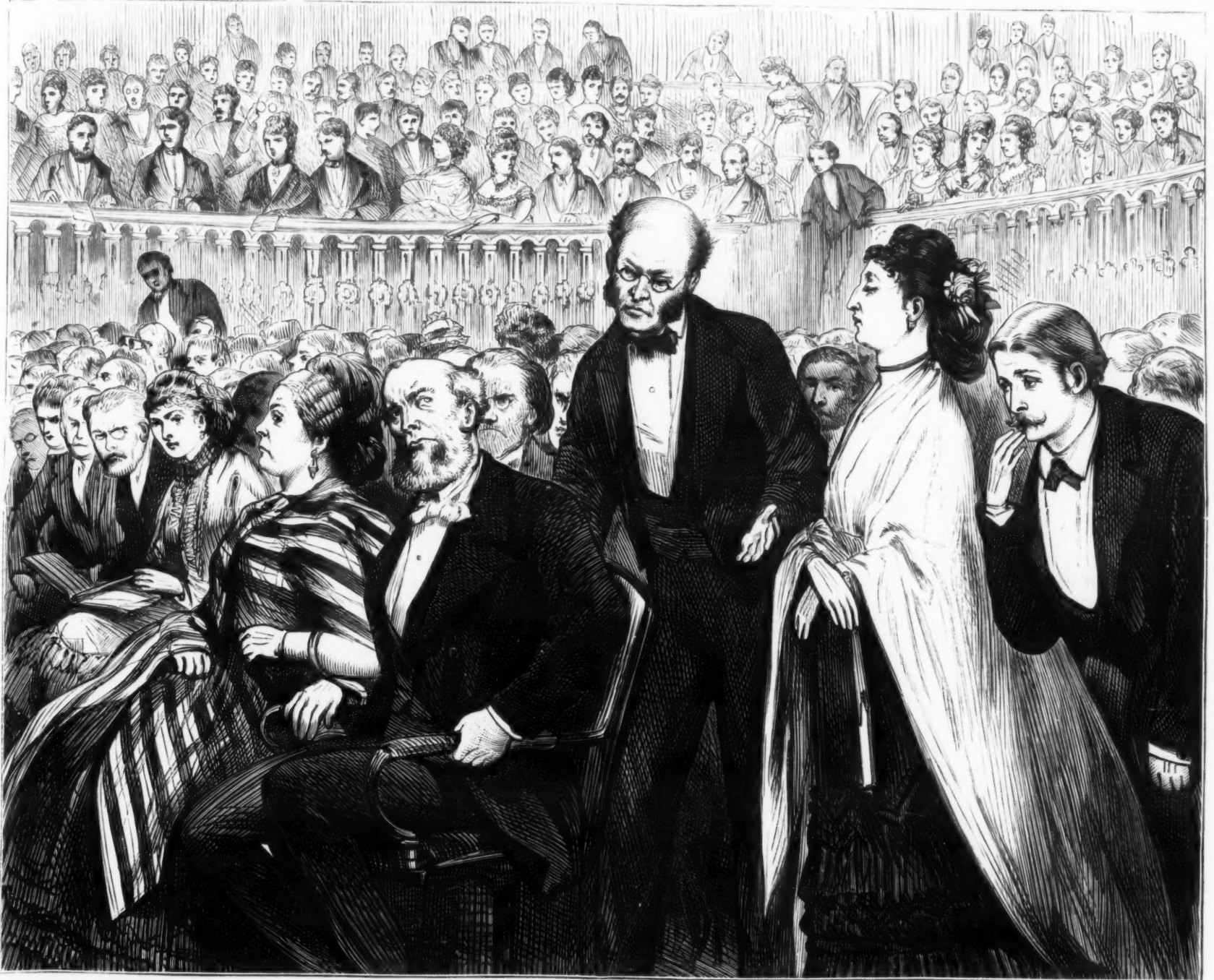
The agreement of France to support Russia on the Eastern question is now denied.... Paris is to thank Queen Victoria in an illuminated address for England's sympathy at the close of the siege.... Austria will conclude commercial treaties with Roumania.... The great powers of Europe advised the Porte to protect the Christians in Montenegro.... Nana Sahib has not been identified.... Insanity will be the defense in the trial of Bismarck's assailant.... Count Von Arnim was released on 100,000 francs bail, but will not be permitted to leave Germany.... A French merchantman was fired upon by a Spanish gunboat.... It has not been denied that Spain secured England's recognition by paying a *Virginius* indemnity.... The journalists of Italy propose raising a purse of \$10,000 for Garibaldi.... A provisional government has been established on the Fiji Islands.... Paris proposes to raise a loan of 100,000,000 francs to pay debts and open streets.... Kullmann's trial for attempted assassination of Bismarck was opened October 29th.... General Moriones will assume command of the Republican forces in Spain, superseding General Laserna.... The German Reichstag was opened by the Emperor in person.... John Laird, the well-known ship-builder, and Member of Parliament for Birkenhead, England, died last week.... The provinces Coro and Barcelona, Venezuela, rose in rebellion against President Blanco.... The Russian Government has set apart 25,000 roubles for the expenses about to be incurred by the International Telegraph Congress at St. Petersburg next year.... A report to the German Federal Council shows that the extraordinary expenses incurred by Germany during the late war amounted to 336,875,000 thalers, or over \$250,000,000.... The paintings by deceased French artists, now in the Luxembourg, Paris, are to be removed to the long galleries of the Louvre, facing the Seine.... Switzerland has abolished capital punishment.... Kullmann was found guilty of attempt to kill Bismarck, and was sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment.... The Republic of Argentina was declared in a state of seige.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

LYDIA THOMPSON is playing in London.
The season at New Orleans was opened by Charles Fechter.
The Almée Opera Bouffe Company are at the Grand Opera House, Toronto.
MME. ARABELLA GODDARD goes from Australia to San Francisco for a season.
AMBROISE THOMAS is engaged on a new work entitled "Francesca di Rimini."
MRS. CHANFRAU began a two weeks' engagement at the Olympic, St. Louis, on the 2d.
JOHN BROGHAM will appear in the Opera House, Columbus, O., November 16th.
THEODORE THOMAS'S first symphony concert in New York will be given November 7th.
TOM TAYLOR'S new play of "Arkwright's Wife" was produced at the Boston Museum, October 26th.
The first of a series of symphony concerts by Theodore Thomas was given at Music Hall, Boston, October 25th.
GILMORE'S Twenty-second Regiment Band will support Miss Violetta Colville during her approaching concert tour.
JOHN BROGHAM appeared in his own burlesque, "Poka-hon-tas," at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, last week.
MISS MARGHERITA B. MOORE will begin a series of dramatic readings at Association Hall, New York, early in December.
HERK is fame: A life-like portrait made of Henry Ward Beecher has just been added to Madame Tussaud's wax-work show in London.
MRS. RICHINGS-BERNARD'S Musical Union began a series of seven costume concerts in Tremont Temple, Boston, November 2d.
JOSEPH JEFFERSON will begin an engagement at Booth's Theatre, New York, November 14th, and Kate Field will play on his off-nights.
The first public rehearsal of the New York Philharmonic Society for the season of 1874-5, took place at the Academy of Music on the afternoon of October 30th.
On Saturday evening, November 7th, Miss Cushman will formally take her leave of the public; and the event will be made the occasion of a grand ovation at Booth's Theatre.
"THE HUNCHBACK" was brought out at the Union Square Theatre on Monday, 26th ult., with Miss Clara Morris as Julia. This revival has given great satisfaction to the friends of the Union Square, and the house was crowded throughout the week.
At the Theatre Comique there is still an unrivaled bill of variety and specialties. Harrigan and Hart have resumed their great "Mulligan Gullies" act, Miss Amy Roberts, than whom there is no prettier or more talented Protean songstress in the profession, nightly delights the immense audiences. Dullness is entirely foreign to the bill, and an evening can be spent anywhere more pleasantly than at the Comique.



THE FALL CAMPAIGN IN THE COUNTRY.—BRINGING THE OLD VOTERS TO THE POLLS.—SEE PAGE 155.



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON—THE DISPUTED SEAT—AN EVERYNIGHT SCENE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—SEE PAGE 151.



PEDDLING FRESH FLYING FISH.—AN EVERYDAY SCENE IN BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.—SKETCHED BY ALFRED TRUMBLY.—SEE PAGE 151.

MY LOSS.

BY
AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

IN the world was one green nook I knew,
Full of roses, roses red and white,
Reddest roses Summer ever grew,
Whitest roses ever pearded with dew;
And their sweetness was beyond delight,
Was all love's delight.

Wheresoe'er in the world I went
Roses were, for in my heart I took
Blow and blossom and bewitching scent,
Roses never with the Summer spent,
Roses always ripening in that nook,
Love's fair Summer nook.

In the world a saddened plot I know,
Blackening in this chill and misty air,
Set with shivering bushes in a row,
One by one the last leaves letting go;
Wheresoe'er I turn I shall be there,
Always sighing there.

Ah, my folly! Ah, my loss, my pain!
Dead, my roses that can blow no more!
Wherefore looked I on our nook again?
Wherefore went I after Autumn's rain
Where the Summer roses bloomed before,
Bloomed so sweet before?

HELEN'S REWARD.

THE folks in the house is all quiet and orderly, sir," Mrs. Flynn said, courtesying to her new lodger, "and the gentleman in the next room, and a true gentleman he is, sir, barring he's but little money, he's sickly, sir, consumption I'm thinking, and his only child, a darter, sir, has the hall-room, and nobody else on this floor. Name of Baxter, sir, in case you want to be neighborly, though they've not spoke to anybody in the house so far. She's young yet, not fifteen, and she's like to lose her pa, for he's awful delicate, and never any friends that I see. It's a hard world on the poor, Mr. Hernshaw."

"Very," was the brief reply, not unkindly spoken.

"Well, sir, if you're wanting any help settling things, just ring the bell. I put in the furniture as I thought it would please you."

"It looks very nice, thank you, Mrs. Flynn." A few more words of welcome, of offers of assistance, and the landlady at last left her new tenant to himself. He moved about his room, putting a hand here or there, one scarcely could tell how or where, altering the stiff arrangement of the furniture, but gradually throwing over all the easy grace of an artist's taste, the look of home occupancy that but few men can impart to a room. The house was a large one in a respectable locality, where unimpaired rooms were rented, and not to Mrs. Flynn was due the exquisite taste of the handsome furniture. In an alcove shaded by curtains were all the bedroom appointments, and outside a grand piano, a bookcase, writing-desk, easy-chair, lounge, and some carefully selected ornaments completed the appointments of a sitting-room. Upon the walls were pictures, very few, but gems of art, and from a large packing-box the bookcase was filled with choice volumes.

The gentleman who moved to and fro slowly, and at times painfully, was but forty years of age, but the heavy masses of brown hair tossed back from a broad white brow were thickly streaked with gray, and the forehead was already furrowed deeply. Features of perfect regularity lost some of their charm from the sickly pallor of complexion, and the mouth had lines set by pain. Eyes of soft brown, large and expressive, were sad, as if the cloud resting there was of necessity lifelong. The figure that had been tall was stooping, and there was a painful limp in the slow walk.

The day was a warm one, early in September, and when the room was in such order as pleased its fastidious occupant, Graham Hernshaw set his door wide open, and, taking a book, lay back in a deep armchair, to read and rest.

For a few moments the soft brown eyes were fixed upon the page open before him, then they were set with the expression that comes only from intent listening, and over his face crept gradually an air of rapt pleasure. The lips that were hard and stern in their habitual close folding together parted into a half-smile that beautified the whole countenance, and the white, thin hands of refined molding softly patted one another, as a music-lover marks the measure of a favorite air. There was something pathetic in the lighting of the sad, earnest face over such a trivial cause. It spoke eloquently of the loneliness of the man, that such an apparently little change in the monotony of life could so affect him.

For the music to which Graham Hernshaw listened with such absorbed attention was but a girl's clear voice reading a newspaper.

Only a daily newspaper! This was how she read it.

Her voice had a compass that would have made the fortune of a singer—low, chest-notes, sonorous as a man's, high, clear tones, musical as a bird's. And the wonderful organ was under the control of genius. She knew no more of her power than the bird who sings, yet the divine intuition of genius guided every intonation. She read a description of a criminal trial, and every character stood forth by the power of this unconscious genius, till the hard, keen lawyer, the evasive, unwilling witness, the subdued insolence of the cross-examining counsel, the calm, quiet judge, all assembled in the room, subject to the control of the flexible voice. She read of a murder, and a hushed horror thrilled the tone till the gaping wounds, the gasping, falling breath, seemed vividly present. She found a gem of poetry—true poetry, such as nestles sometimes in a newspaper corner—and the voice that had been hard and cold, horror-laden and subdued, suddenly melted into flute-like softness, bearing the burden of the sweet strains straight to the listener's heart. The dry details of daily news took glowing reality, as if twined about with the living flowers of the reader's fancy, investing every item, however trivial, with an interest born of her power. She laid an emphasis here upon one word, there upon a sentence, and straightway from the dry record of fact sprang into life a history exciting the interest, and holding the attention spellbound.

And upon Graham Hernshaw's listening, his absorbed interest, broke a plaintive voice, that of a man prematurely aged by sickness:

"Helen, dear, I must have my drops!"

Then the musical voice, all womanly tenderness, answered:

"The heat tries you so much, does it not, father? I will warm some of the soup, too, and then you shall rest. I am afraid I read too long. I like so much to read to you!"

"And I like to hear you, darling. When I rest a little we will read some of the new novel."

There was a stir in the room then, as if the reader were busied about household duty, and Graham

Hernshaw drew a deep breath, and moved in his chair as if he had awakened from sleep. All the rest of the day he watched to catch a glimpse of the owner of the voice that had enthralled him, but in vain. The promised reading was omitted, too, and a game of dominoes took its place. Early in the evening profound quiet reigned, and Graham Hernshaw knew the day was over for his neighbors.

"Name of Baxter. A true gentleman, but poor!" The words of the landlady that had fallen on unheeding ears came back in the silence of the evening, even the description of the sickly father, the youthful child-nurse. And while Graham Hernshaw mused, there arose in his heart an intense desire to again take up a scheme of ambition he had relinquished five years before with a heart-wrench that had been nearly fatal.

He had been an actor, one of the heaven-inspired artists who can merge personal identity into the poet's ideals, and who shrink from the desecration of the pure, lofty drama as from a personal sting. A man of commanding presence, with a voice of musical power, and a talent of noble order, Graham Hernshaw had gone rapidly to the top of his profession, and in the days of stars had shone forth as one of greatest brilliancy. A tragedian by choice, he could take the lighter inspirations of comedy with ease and grace, and he had won wealth and position, when he was thrown violently from his chosen walk in life by an accident. Being upon a railway train, to meet a professional engagement, he was one of the sufferers by a collision, where many were killed, many crippled for life. Amongst the latter was Graham Hernshaw. A dislocation of the left knee-joint proved so serious as at one time to threaten amputation, and he avoided the mutilation only to leave a permanent twist of the limb, and a halting gait, never to be cured.

Sensitive to a fault, keenly alive to all the outward disadvantages of personal deformity, Graham Hernshaw could never reconcile himself to the idea of parading his infirmity to the public. What it cost him to resign all his ambitions, hopes, to cut short his chosen career, in the height of its brilliant progress, was written upon the pale, sad face; but he spoke to none of his trials, simply lifting the burden of life left him to bear. He was wealthy for a single man, and he had never felt the touch of love's magic. His profession had absorbed every thought of his heart, and the fairest Juliet could win no smile, once Romeo had doffed his stage-dress and recited his mimic passion.

For five years the disappointed, saddened man had lived a self-concentrated, lonely life; reading, writing, studying foreign languages, cultivating a musical talent of no mean order, but listless, aimless, repining. Into this weary heart, hopeless so long, crept the wondrous genius-laden voice of Helen Baxter, and the sleeping ambition he had deemed dead sprung to new existence. No love-dream had the voice awakened, but the delicious possibility that through another the broken career might be renewed, the past dreams spring again to realities.

It scarcely needed the experience of the ex-actor, or the acute sympathy of a kindred genius, to recognize the born actress in Helen Baxter's tones. Unseen, he knew she could fit the gestures to the words that came with such impressive force from her girlish lips.

The night seemed interminable, for a new hope waited the morning. It would be churlish, Graham Hernshaw told himself, not to offer neighborly service to his invalid neighbor and try to inaugurate friendly intercourse. So, when he returned from breakfast at a restaurant near by, and knew, by sounds penetrating the communicating-door, that Mr. Baxter had also breakfasted, Graham Hernshaw tapped at his neighbor's door.

"Come in!" And answering, he found himself in the presence of an elderly man, in dressing-gown and slippers, seated in an invalid's chair, but who rose at once with courteous greeting.

"Pray, keep your seat," Mr. Hernshaw said, advancing a few steps. "I merely called to inquire if my piano would disturb you. Mrs. Flynn told me you were an invalid, and sometimes noises are trying to those whose health is feeble."

"It was very kind to think of me," was the reply; "there are days when I may trespass upon your kindness, since you offer it, but generally the sound of music will be a keen pleasure to me. Will you not be seated? I make but few friends, but I shall be glad to number you as one."

"I thank you! I am an idle man, and crippled, as you see, and if we can mutually shorten some of life's long hours, I hope neither will be churlish. I have books you may not have read, and take a deluge of periodical literature, so if you are fond of reading I may help to occupy some lonely hours."

"Thanks again. I cannot read, myself, from a nervous affection of the eyes; but my little girl reads to me, and we have little beyond the daily papers and an occasional novel; but we should greatly enjoy a book now and then—should we not, Helen?"

For in the doorway leading to an adjoining room there suddenly appeared a slight girlish figure in a faded calico dress.

"Oh, so gladly, father!" said the clear, sweet voice that had awakened the torpid heart as the girl little dreamed. "It is very kind, sir, to think of my father."

The dignity of an empress, with the sweet girlish blush of a maiden, accompanied the words. She came to her father's side, as unconscious of her shabby dress as a little child, with a glad light shining in such luminous dark eyes as seemed made to fit her marvelous voice. She was very slight, looking even younger than her actual fifteen years, with a thin, long face that gave promise of beauty, as yet undeveloped as the slender figure. Long curls of chestnut hair fell below the waist, and the waving ripples were caught back from a low, broad brow that was suggestive in itself of the intellect slumbering in the girlish brain. The regular features, the pale, sallow skin, the mouth rather large—but mobile and expressive—gave more hope of beauty than present realization; but there was grace in every gesture, the slender white hands were eloquent in every movement, and the little figure unconsciously struck attitudes that might have served for sculptors' models.

Chatting of the commonplace incidents of the day with the invalid, Graham Hernshaw felt his heart dilate with triumph as he watched the "little girl" move to and fro, putting to rights the disorderly room, now and then stopping to join in the conversation. Unconscious as a child, she had no shyness to overcome, being utterly devoid of that awkward selfhood that needs constant watching. Gracefully dramatic, she made the lightest words bear a significance, while yet the hardest critic could have found no trace of affectation in her manner.

The room, a sitting-room, with a parlor cooking-stove, and that most innocent of all shams, a solar-bedstead, was evidently the living-room of father and child, and as evidently there was close economy in every expenditure. Yet the girl's face was full of sunny brightness, and the invalid was cheerful and courteous.

The first visit proving mutually pleasant, an in-

timacy soon arose between the gentlemen. The communicating-door, scrupulously bolted on both sides heretofore, was often opened, and Helen wandered from picture to picture, or stood entranced before the well-filled bookcase, while her father enjoyed a glimpse of street life from Graham Hernshaw's front windows, or chatted with the ex-actor of his past life.

For, little by little, Graham Hernshaw was leading the way to the proposal, the granting of which had become the dearest object of his life. He had lent Helen works upon dramatic art, volumes of poetry, and the works of the great dramatic writers, and had so far won his way as to be often one of her listeners. Yet he carefully studied her untutored style without hint or suggestion, having learned that the theatre was an unknown world to her.

It was not always easy to restrain himself when some forcible reading of a well-worn, hackneyed passage proved that Helen had given an original version to the words, born of her own inspiration, and as true to poetic life as if she had studied the lines for months.

Often Graham Hernshaw had thought of what would be the easiest way to suggest to the invalid the dream of his heart, and how to win his consent to his child's entering upon a public career. He recognized in Leon Baxter the sensitive pride that often accompanies poverty, and it was easy to see that he was a gentleman in the true acceptance of the term, refined, well educated, and high-toned. Not unresponsive, as Mrs. Flynn imagined; he had an incurable nervous complaint, that often prostrated him in agonies of acute physical pain for hours, leaving him exhausted and wretchedly sensitive to every sound or movement about him. Yet he might live for many years, though never regain his health.

The opening for his proposal, which had sorely perplexed Graham Hernshaw, came about naturally, one day in November, when Helen was absent upon some household errand, and Mr. Baxter was in his friend's room. For the two were friends, true and sincere, mutual respect and liking founding a substantial basis for such an emotion. Usually reticent about his own affairs, Mr. Baxter had that day spoken freely of his regrets for Helen.

"It is necessary," he had said, "for me to save and economize in every way, that I may add every year a little from my small income to the fund I am providing for Helen when I die. Together we can live upon what I have; but, if I die she must go to her mother's relatives, and I would have her independent, if possible. Poor Helen! Her future troubles me, Hernshaw. She is refined, sensitive, and I have taught her all I could of a lady's education. Yet she will be poor and very lonely when I die."

Then, gently and delicately, his friend opened to him the future for which the gifted girl seemed to him born, and Leon Baxter listened, bewildered.

"But the child was never in a theatre," he said; "we could not afford to attend the best, and I would not let her go to any other. She would have to study there, would she not?"

"Not for a long time. Let me be her teacher! I would let her throw her own genius into her parts, not copy that of others. When there is no danger of her losing the originality of her personations, I will teach her the necessary stage routine."

"She is such a mere child."

"Again, in her case, she can study for four or five years, before she need appear, though I hope for an earlier debut. Do not hesitate. I tell you the life I choose for her is her own life, though she does not know it. Could you not see it in her rendition of Juliet last evening? Did she not intuitively grasp the very soul of the character, till I, old, seasoned actor as I am, could scarcely restrain myself from loud applause."

"The child reads well. I have long known that. I know but little of theatres myself, for I never cared much to attend them. But if you think Helen could ever lead there, I would let you have your wish to train her."

"She will lead there." And so Graham Hernshaw gained his pupil. It was a labor of love to lead the gifted girl through the necessary dry details of the profession that seems all glitter and inspiration, yet which entails work of the most absorbing kind. To flit from volume to volume in the well-chosen library, culling a gem here and there, was far more fascinating at first than to learn one part from a tragedy line by line. It proved that Helen was the actress by nature—that she could not learn a part separating it from the entire drama. The spirit of the whole play must pervade her study, or she could not commit a character to memory. Memorizing was hard work at first, but hours of daily study gave a strength to her powers of recollection, and the task grew easier.

The patience and care of her teacher were perfect, and while he daily found more and more reason to congratulate himself upon his pupil, he found also greater cause for admiration in the sweet character, the tender womanliness of the girl-artist. Her genius gave no rough side to her gentleness, and the long attendance upon her father's illness had given her a perfect patience seldom seen in one so young. Utterly unconscious of any power of attraction in herself, she awakened gradually to the possession of her own genius.

Her first evening at the theatre was a revelation. In Mr. Hernshaw's care she had gone to see a great actress play *Lady Macbeth*. Her teacher watched her face carefully, as she sat absorbed, almost breathless, listening to every word, now radiant with appreciation and admiration, now annoyed at a false reading by a subordinate character, thoroughly carried away from selfhood or her surroundings by the mimic scene. Even between the acts she sat silent, and was left undisturbed.

But once at home, she turned from her father, and held out both hands to Graham Hernshaw. Her eyes were moist, her face pale with emotion.

"How can I thank you," she said. "I understand now all the vague longings of my life. I can be as Miss C—was to-night, the living personation of the poet's inspirations. It is glorious!" she cried, lifting her head with a quick, imperious gesture; "to be truly a queen for hours every evening. Tell me, when may I be an actress?"

"Very soon now. You are eighteen. You must learn something now of stage routine, and I must get you an engagement."

Yet while he spoke Graham Hernshaw's heart contracted with a sudden pain. The hope of three long years was soon to be realized, the pupil he had trained would soon burst like a brilliant sun upon the public, but he would no longer be all in all to her—only second to her father in her affection.

Standing before him, flushed with the pride of her own conscious power, the girl was so wondrously lovely, that even her genius seemed second to the splendor of her beauty. To honor the invitation to the theatre, she had brightened a well-worn black silk with some rich blue ribbon at the throat, and a snowy collar of lace rested under the blue knot. The dress fitted to perfection a figure that had developed into proportions of perfect symmetry, though still slender. The sloping shoulders, the

long, graceful throat, were surmounted by a face of rare beauty. And realizing that soon all the world would comment upon her, a fierce pang rent the heart of her teacher, a pang that taught him in one moment of exquisite agony that he loved Helen Baxter. He had taught her to seek her work, her happiness, in a mimic life, in the plaudits of the crowd, and he longed to throw his arms about her and take her into his own life, apart from all the world. He had trained the great actress, and he would lose the first woman he had ever loved.

Too truly, as the weary days wore on, he read the complete success of his efforts, the utter hopelessness of any other interest waking even a passing emotion in Helen Baxter's mind. The rehearsals to fill a first engagement were a triumph, and every hour was occupied. When the hours of study and rehearsal were over, the dressmakers must be visited and the preparations carried on for the completion of a stage wardrobe. Here Mr. Baxter was an authority, having the costumes of each century in some collections of choice engravings in his possession—a portfolio that Graham Hernshaw assured him he would have esteemed priceless in his own professional career. The expense of the wardrobe of the young actress was a loan from the teacher, to be repaid when she had won wealth by her own genius.

It was some comfort to guide every detail of the rehearsals, to have Helen turn to him for advice, sympathy and direction in every difficulty; but Graham Hernshaw knew well that there was no interest in life that could for one hour supersede the artist's pleasure in her work, the hope of success. For Helen had no fear. Without the least taint of vanity or self-conceit, she was fully conscious of power. In her life of seclusion she had heard nothing of the world outside, and its criticisms seemed valueless. Not for applause, but to follow the instinct of her own nature, did she anticipate her life upon the stage, and, after that, the hope of winning luxuries for her father was another incentive for the exertion of her best powers.

In the three years that Helen had developed into such glowing womanhood, Leon Baxter, under the torturing hand of his incurable illness, had aged and broken till he seemed twenty years older than his actual age, and was too weak to leave his room, often passing entire weeks in bed. It had become imperative to have a nurse in Helen's absence, and Mrs. Flynn had engaged a cousin of her own—an Irishwoman of middle age, of good education, and fitted for the responsible position. She was a widow, and Helen, to whom the companionship of one of her own sex was a novelty, became very fond of Mrs. Gilroy.

The debut of the new actress realized all Graham Hernshaw's hopes. From his unseen corner of the stage box he watched the Juliet he had brought before the public, and triumphed in every burst of applause that greeted the new star. It was in the days when a star actress could not appropriate one part, and run for a season upon one character. The public then demanded a new bill for each evening, and *Macbeth's* queen succeeded *Juliet—Beatrice, Lady Teazle and Virginia* following in quick succession. The press grew eloquent in praising the young actress; bouquets were showered upon the stage night after night, and a season of triumph was fairly inaugurated. Offers poured in from other cities for engagements, and when Helen's little feet were pressing the topmost round of fame's ladder, her father died.

Not suddenly, though it seemed so to the grief-stricken girl who had been forced from his side so much in the last days, and who mourned, comfortless. It was impossible to continue an engagement with an actress who could not be roused from despairing grief, even after the funeral, and Graham Hernshaw quietly paid an enormous forfeit to secure a few weeks of seclusion for the mourning child.

A will and memorandum of his affairs were found in Mr. Baxter's desk. And Helen was heiress to a small income and five thousand dollars securely invested, while she was left to the guardianship of her mother's sister, in Baltimore. The will was dated six years before Mr. Baxter's death, but Helen wrote to her aunt.

The letter in reply was cold, under the circumstances, cruel. The aunt refused utterly to recognize an actress as a niece. If Helen would at once and for ever renounce her profession, a home was open to her; but under no other condition could she be received. With a face like death, the girl placed the letter in Graham Hernshaw's hand. He spoke no word; but his eyes questioned eloquently as he returned it.

With a dignified gesture Helen placed the open sheet upon the glowing coals of the grate, and, for the first time since her father's death, spoke of her own future.

"I will accept such of the engagements in other cities as you advise," she said, very quietly; "the one in Baltimore, and such others as seem best. Mrs. Gilroy will travel with me, if you think I can be trusted now to leave you."

"I must think so," was the sad reply. "I shall be very lonely, Helen, but your success will cheer me always."

An expression of pity, so tender and pure, it was almost holy, irradiated Helen's face, as she came close to the armchair where Graham Hernshaw was seated. His lameness had increased with advancing years, so that it was more and more painful to move about; but he could still advise Helen, who came to him for guidance.

Now, bending over him, her eyes full of tender light, she said: "You will never let me speak of what I owe you; but you will let me say what has been near my heart for years. Now I know what hopes you have built upon me—how my life is to take up the broken threads of yours, and when the world has lost a great actor, an actress is to take the vacant niche. I go from you to realize your dream—if it lies in my power. We will part now, perhaps for years; but when I prove worthy of my teacher—if I neither falter nor fail—I will come to you again. If you can say 'Well done' to me, I may claim my reward."

"There is nothing you could ask at my hands I would not freely give, were it my heart's blood," was the earnest reply.

And, in her own room, Helen whispered the words over to her heart, while a smile, born of happiness, rested upon the lips weary with sobbing.

For two years she saw Graham Hernshaw no more—years spent in a triumphant tour through the United States, winning laurels in every city, and plaudits from crowded houses. And every paper that recorded the success came to Graham Hernshaw's lonely room, with letters breathing of deep, undying gratitude in every line. They were food and medicine to him, and the sole solace of his weary life. Yet he longed unutterably for a sight of the face he loved, one word from the voice that had first drawn his heart to Helen Baxter. He wrote often, and, striving to guard the secret of his hopeless love, revealed it in every line.

It was in Winter that the papers announced the return of the great actress to her native city, and Mrs. Flynn's heart was made glad by a letter from Helen asking permission to occupy her father's old room.

The sun had gone down, and a dim light was in

Graham Hershaw's room, when one afternoon a voice, whose music was a never-forgotten memory, asked:

"May I come in?"

Like a very spirit of light she came in a dress of velvet and soft white fur, her beauty more bewitching than ever, her tall figure queenly in every movement.

Graham Hershaw rose to his feet, as through the long vista of light thrown in by the open door the radiant vision came straight towards him. Humbly as a little child, bending low her graceful head, Helen said:

"Have I earned my reward?"

"Child—Helen!" he cried, in a broken voice, "have you indeed come home?"

But she only waited.

"What can I give that is not already yours?" he asked. "Wealth, fame, honors, are all in your grasp. The whole world rewards you, Helen."

The world cannot give what I crave from you, Graham. I am a woman. Do not force me to speak more plainly."

"Helen!" he cried, a possibility that seemed a madness rising in his heart, "you do not know what you say."

Lower and lower the lovely head drooped, and, with a faltering voice, Helen said:

"Graham, have I read falsely what seemed so like truth in your looks, your voice, even in your letters? Was it a dream, a delusion of my heart, that made me believe you loved me?"

The long pent-up heart opened its portals wide, Graham knew Helen's gentle, pure heart too well to suspect coquetry, or even unaided frankness. Too certainly she had read with the record of his love the certainty of his silence, and had dared to strike down the barrier with her own hand.

With words whose eloquence were prompted by Love's own fire, Graham wooed anew the heart he had already won; and in the happiness of her life for long coming years, secure in her husband's sympathy for her professional triumphs, content in her home affections, the great actress found for reward the heart-love the woman craved.

A RURAL ELECTION.

A POPULAR election in the rural districts differs as much from a similar event in the city as though the two occurrences took place in countries separated by the widest of oceans. In the cities, where cars, stages, and other means of transportation, are so plentiful and so cheap, there is no need of that extraordinary vigilance to secure the attendance at the polls of every voter, which must be displayed in the inland counties. In very many cases it is really at this time of the year a sacrifice for a farmer to leave his work behind him and break up the best part of a day in order to go to the polls, perhaps several miles, the journey alone doubtless necessitating the use of his horses for carriage work when they would be, as he thinks, of more immediate service at their legitimate farm labor. In these straits the ambitious candidate in the country hastens to the rescue. It is his fast team that is sent on a trip throughout the district to gather up all the old and decrepit, the loose, the lame and the lazy, and drag them from their various homes to the polls, there to deposit their ballots. Previous to this, and early in the morning, the hardy, well-to-do farmers are picked up from their morning working-grounds, and driven to the "ballot box," and then taken home again with as little loss of time to them, their cattle or their farm-work as may be possible.

Our picture gives an admirable illustration of the coming in to the rural polls of those noble American citizens, whose power to cast a ballot gives them, once a year, a tactful importance only for a day, and not to be enjoyed again till the year rolls round once more. The picture is a true and excellent one.

HOUDIN'S TRICKS.

ONE of the most adroit jugglers of the present age was Robert Houdin, a Frenchman, who for many years gave fashionable entertainments in Paris. Houdin wrote his autobiography, and related many curious feats performed by him in the course of his professional career. On one occasion he was invited to display his art before King Louis Philippe and his Court at the Chateau of St. Cloud. Houdin invented a trick especially for this royal and noble assemblage, and received unbounded applause for his success. He borrowed from the King and his courtiers six handkerchiefs, which he made into a parcel and laid on the table. Then, at his request, different persons wrote on cards the names of places whither they desired their handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported. When this was done he begged the King to take three of the cards at hazard, and choose from them the place he might consider the most suitable. "Let me see," said Louis Philippe, "what this one says: 'I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candelabra on the mantelpiece.' Ah! that is too easy for a sorcerer, so we will pass on to the next card: 'The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides.' That would suit us, but it is much too far—not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah! ah!" the King added, as he looked at the last card, "I am afraid, Monsieur Robert Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?" Houdin, with a respectful bow, declared that he did not. "Well," responded His Majesty, "it is desired that you send the handkerchiefs to a spot beneath the roots of the last orange-tree on the right of the Avenue of St. Cloud." Houdin affected the utmost nonchalance. "Only that, sire!" he said. "Deign to order, and I will obey." The King gave certain directions in a low voice, and immediately a number of his attendants hurried off to the orange-tree to watch it. He then said, "I select the orange-tree." Houdin's first business now was to send the handkerchiefs on their travels. So he placed them beneath a bell of opaque glass, and, taking his wand, ordered them to fly to the spot the King had chosen. He raised the bell, the little parcel was no longer there, and a white dove had taken its place. The King then walked quickly to the door, whence he looked in the direction of the orange-tree to assure himself that the guards were there, and when this was done, he began to smile and shrug his shoulders. "Ah! Monsieur Robert Houdin," he said, ironically, "I fear much for the virtue of your magic staff." Then, he added, as he returned to the end of the room where several servants were standing, "Tell William to dig immediately below the last tree at the end of the avenue, and bring me carefully what he finds there—if he does find anything." The attendant proceeded to the orange-tree. The earth at the side of the tree was carefully removed, and down among the roots, after much groping, a small iron box eaten with rust was found. It bore every appearance of having been in the ground many years. This curious "find" was cleansed from its mold and brought in and placed by the side of the King. The greatest excitement and impatience prevailed on all sides. Houdin brought, perched on his finger, the dove to the King, and around its neck His Majesty discovered a little rusty key. At the desire of the conjurer he unlocked it and opened the box. The first object that met his eye was a time-discolored piece of parchment, upon which he read: "This day, the 6th of June, 1786, this iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed among the roots of an orange-tree by me, Belsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic which will be executed on the same day sixty years hence before Louis Philippe of Orleans and his family." "There is certainly witchcraft about this!" cried the King, and then he looked again and found in the bottom of the box a parcel sealed with the well-known seal of the famous Cagliostro. He broke it and opened the parcel, and there were the six handkerchiefs which but five minutes before were lying on the conjurer's table. Was not this trick as remarkable as the producing of "Katie King" from a dark cabinet?

Houdin was employed by the French Government to go to Algeria on a novel mission. The Marabout priests exercised great influence over the natives, because they were able to perform certain feats of jugglery, which they pretended proved their divine power. These Marabouts were enemies of the French, and encouraged turbulence among the Arabs. The Government thought that it might be a good stroke of policy to send Houdin through the colony performing his miracles, and demonstrating to the natives that a French sorcerer was greater than an Arab sorcerer. Accordingly, Houdin appeared before large audiences, beginning in the city of Algiers. At the first of these performances he introduced a box which became heavy or light at his order. This box was brought by him to the footlights, and, while holding it in his hands, he declared to his hearers that he possessed the power to deprive the most powerful man of his strength and restore it at will. He invited any one who thought himself strong enough to come on the stage. An Arab of middle height, but well built and muscular, came to his side with great assurance. "Are you strong?" asked Houdin, measuring him from head to foot. "Oh, yes," he replied, carelessly. "Are you sure that you will always remain so?" "Quite sure." "You are mistaken," said Houdin, "for in an instant I will rob you of your strength, and you shall become as a little child." The Arab smiled disdainfully. Houdin told him to lift the box. He stooped and lifted it without any effort, and said, coldly, "Is that all?" With an imposing gesture, Houdin solemnly pronounced the words, "Behold, you are weaker than a woman; now lift the box." The young Hercules grabbed the box quite confidently, but, to his amazement, it would not budge. He attacked it vigorously over and over again, while his countrymen sat looking on in silent wonder, but it resisted. He vainly expended on this box a strength which would have raised an enormous weight, until at length, panting, exhausted, and red with anger, he buried his face in his burpocket and retired from the stage. Houdin does not explain the secret of this strange trick by which he made bodies heavy or light at will, and without apparently touching them, but it was a favorite of his, and often exhibited to his fashionable Parisian audiences.

At the same exhibition in Algiers, of which we have written, Houdin invited one of the audience to come on the stage. A young Moor, about twenty years of age, tall, well-built, and richly dressed, advanced. There was a plain table on the stage (the space between the top and the floor being unmistakably open), which Houdin asked him to mount. When he did so, Houdin covered him with an enormous cloth cone, and, instantly removing it, the Moor was gone. This trick produced a panic in the audience. Screaming, "It is the Evil One!" they clambered over the benches in wild terror, and rushed out the door into the street, where, in the public place, rubbing his eyes in stupefaction and wondering how he got there, they found the young Moor.

While in the interior, Houdin gave an open-air exhibition to the wild sons of the desert. He pretended that he was invulnerable, and offered to let a Marabout shoot at him. There was a great crowd, and a vindictive-looking fellow came out from it, and claimed to have the honor of killing the hated Frenchman. The pistols were handed to Houdin, who called attention to the fact that the vents were clear. The Marabout put in a fair charge of powder, and drove the wad home. Among the bullets produced, Houdin chose one which he openly put into the pistol, and it was also rammed down. By the same process the second pistol was loaded. Everybody watched with the most profound solemnity. Houdin posted himself fifteen paces from the Marabout without evincing the slightest emotion. The Marabout immediately seized one of the pistols, and, on Houdin's giving the signal, took a deliberate aim at him. The pistol went off, and the ball appeared between the magician's teeth. More angry than ever, the Marabout tried to seize the pistol. "You could not injure me," said Houdin, "but you shall see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at that wall." He pulled the trigger, and on the newly whitewashed wall appeared a large patch of blood exactly at the spot where he aimed. The Marabout went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and raising it to his mouth, convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty, his arms fell and his head bowed on his chest as if he were annihilated. It was evident that for the moment he doubted everything, even the Prophet. This seemingly incomprehensible feat Houdin performed by means of prepared balls. With a bullet-mold and a bit of wax mixed with lamp-black, he had manufactured a very fair imitation bullet. Another bullet of the same material he had filled with blood. Of course, it was by sleight-of-hand that he changed the bullets forced upon him by the Marabout and substituted his own. An old trick enabled him to get the real bullet between his teeth while the waxen one was shattered to pieces. So with the second ball, it was shattered upon striking the wall, but a spot of blood was produced. If Houdin had not explained this part, it would be quite as wonderful to most people as the phenomena of Spiritualism, and could have been passed off as good evidence of spirit agency.

When William H. Seward made his tour around the world, he witnessed some performances of jugglers in India which were quite surprising. He saw a man climb a bare pole, sixty feet high, standing in the open air, and, when he reached the top, he mysteriously disappeared. After a while his feet reappeared, then his legs and body, and he came down. He claimed no supernatural powers. How did he do it? There was an Indian juggler who had a little den in the Bowery, in this city, a few years ago. He was a dirty fellow, and respectable people were not much disposed to venture into his place. A gentleman told the writer that, moved by curiosity once, he went in. The juggler made him sit on the floor. In a moment, two figures, apparently human, rose out of the floor, in obedience to the wail of the conjurer. They grew to the ordinary height of a human being. The visitor made a motion to rise, when the figures

sank through the floor instantly. An examination of the place betrayed no visible solution of the ingenious performance.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WATCH ON THE NILE.—A Cairo correspondent writes, under date of September 16th: "A visit to the Nile at the present moment well repays the trouble and inconvenience of a few hours' journeying through the dust and heat, and during the last ten days excursions to Kafr Zeit, Damietta and other places, have been frequent. Thousands of Fellahs (peasants) are constantly employed in watching the river, heaping up earth and stones on the embankments, and strengthening the weak points, as they appear, against an overflow and inundation. At night the whole length of the river below Cairo is illuminated by innumerable watchfires that throw an uncertain light on the swarthy, half-naked multitudes that line its banks, while the cries of the soldiery as they urge the people on to renewed labor—like the task-masters of ancient times—mingled with the sound of the rushing waters, complete a spectacle that once seen can never be forgotten, and the knowledge that the fate of thousands depends on the issue of the struggle going on adds a solemnity to a scene that must be witnessed to be appreciated."

A GAS WELL.—A dispatch to the Chicago Tribune, from Odell, Ill., says: "Our town has a new sensation in the shape of a well in flames. On Wednesday, as J. and W. Hosack were boring for water on their farm, about four miles south of town, with a five-inch auger, at the depth of eighty feet they struck a vein of water that spouted two hundred feet in the air, throwing out gravel the size of a hen's egg. The ground for a distance of six hundred feet from the well soon became covered with a dove colored sand to the depth of one inch. Some time during the night the water ceased flowing, and on measuring, this morning, the well was found to have filled up about twenty feet at the bottom with quick sand, there still being thirty feet of water in the hole, and a kind of gas was issuing from the top. One of the party lit a match, when instantly a streak of flame twenty feet high leaped into the air with a roar like that of a city in flames. The hole, which in the beginning was but five inches in diameter, has increased to twelve, with the volume of flame steadily increasing. It is situated on the open prairie, and can be seen for miles. It has been visited by hundreds to day, who gaze awe-struck upon this weird and wonderful scene. Whether some reservoir of petroleum lies deeply buried beneath, or some other cause has produced this strange phenomenon, we know not, but can only gaze with wonder, and speculate on the hidden forces of nature that bid defiance to man's inquisitiveness."

"BEAUTY FOR ASHES."—It was reported some time ago that the body of Lady Dilke, the recently deceased wife of Sir Charles Dilke, of London, was subjected to the process of cremation, and this report is now repeated circumstantially, and even minute details of the fact are given. All this, however, has been positively denied in London, and, apparently, on the authority of the family. Perhaps it may prove that the denial did not come directly from a source so likely to be well informed, and that the report is true despite the contradiction. Certainly if the event has occurred, Sir Charles Dilke himself will not deny it, and, as lively comment is likely to arise, we shall hear in all probability formal and authentic declarations one way or another. In that little circle in Chelsea there is certainly a revolutionary spirit, and though it has hitherto manifested its restiveness in the public and political arena, it is as likely to distinguish itself socially as otherwise. If there is any particular point in English society where we might anticipate that an innovation like the adoption of cremation would be first taken up, it is the one indicated, where thought is what is called liberal on every conceivable subject, and where there is certainly no lack of boldness to act what may be thought, and where, in fact, a given course is very likely to acquire an additional charm from the circumstance that it will be against the common current of opinion. It will not surprise us, despite the contradiction hitherto given, to learn eventually that the cremation reported at Dresden really occurred, and to find, in consequence, a new impulse given to the general discussion of the subject.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.—At the present moment the astronomers of the world are gathering in selected stations in the Eastern Hemisphere and the Southern Ocean to observe the transit of Venus. That planet, now shining so brilliantly in our evening sky, and very nearly of the size of the earth, will pass directly between us and the sun, necessarily casting its shadow towards us. Being so much smaller than the sun, it will appear as a small, round spot passing across its face. Now, suppose that in the midst of the transit we should start, with the speed of light, and travel directly towards the planet Venus. As we approach it, it would apparently grow larger, covering more and more of the sun, until finally, when we have come within somewhat less than a million miles of it, it would appear exactly large enough to cover the entire face of the sun. We should then be exactly at the end of the shadow. Beyond this point we could see the sun around it; within this point it would entirely eclipse the sun. At the end of the shadow the light which strikes the eye from one side of the sun just grazes that side of Venus, while the light which strikes the eye from the opposite side of the sun just grazes the opposite side of the planet. As light moves in straight lines, we can represent this upon paper. We draw a circle to represent the sun. At the proper distance we draw a smaller circle to represent Venus. Then we draw straight lines just touching the edges of the sun and Venus, and the point where those lines meet will represent the position of the eye at the end of the shadow.

A NATURAL ARTESIAN WELL IN AN OPEN PRAIRIE.—Three miles southwest of New Canton, says the Pittsfield (Ill.) Old Flag, in this country, can be seen one of the most wonderful sights ever witnessed. On the land of Shaw & Rupert, known as the northwest quarter of section 29, of township 5 south, 6 west, is found what has been known for years as the Salt Spring. This spring rises out of a level prairie, and a few weeks since the locality gave no indications that you were approaching one of the greatest wonders of this country. The spot has long been the resort of wild game and domestic animals, who came to drink its saline waters, which never go dry or freeze, winter or summer. A few weeks ago the proprietors, who had long conceived that there was some undeveloped secret connected with the spring, sunk an iron pipe some forty feet down the mouth of it, and immediately it began to throw out from the upper edge of the pipe water to the height of twenty three feet. It has remained for a few days, attracting large numbers of visitors, who came to see and wonder. Some days after six more pipes, of the diameter of an inch and a half, were driven into the spring—the longest pipe about fifty feet—and such a cascade of water was never seen before on a level prairie. Some of the jets have covers perforated with small holes, and the jets of water thrown from these form, in the sunshine, beautiful rainbows. For ten feet or more in every direction, and fifteen to twenty feet high, the white spray rises, glitters and showers around, forming a pool thirty feet in diameter, clear, limpid and cool. In a clear day the column of water can be seen for miles, and on a cloudy, drizzling day over two miles.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL SCHESCK is said to be an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales.

ADMIRAL TORETT's condition is so low that his death is momentarily expected.

VICTOR HUGO and EMILIO CASTELLAR, Ex-President of Spain, have been banqueting together.

THE Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will make their home permanently at Eastwell Park, in Kent.

EMILE OLIVIER has been made Chancellor of the French Academy, and Claude Bernard is the Director.

LORD and LADY DUFFERIN, of Canada, visited several educational institutions of New York City last week.

MAJOR DE BOULENGER, of the Belgian Army, has invented an instrument for measuring distances by sound.

ELIOT BURRITT, "the learned blacksmith," is dangerously ill at New Britain, Conn., with hemorrhage of the lungs.

THE Bolognese have decided to erect a monument to Galvani, the great Bolognese physician, who discovered animal electricity.

JOHN H. ANTHON, Past Grand Master of Masons, New York State, and an eminent lawyer, died at Coopers-town, October 29th.

JAMES STEPHENS, formerly Head Centre of the Fenians in the United States, has written a letter declining a subscription for his benefit, in Ireland.

THE chiefs Salata and Big Tree will be delivered over to the State authorities of Texas, by whom they were released, to be hanged for murder.

THERE appears to be a disposition among the Bonapartists to shortly urge in the Assembly the removal of the remains of Napoleon III. to French soil.

THE author of "Ginx's Baby" will meet in Ottawa, this week, delegates from the various provinces of Canada, to discuss the subject of emigration.

THE Hon. J. Lothair Bell, M.P., and President of the Iron and Steel Association of Great Britain, attended the meeting of the mining engineers at Hazleton, Pa., last week.

THE Duke d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville are endeavoring to induce Marshal MacMahon to consent to the transportation into France of the remains of Louis Philippe.

DR. ADOLF BERNHARD MEYER, the recent explorer of New Guinea, has been appointed Director of the Zoological Museum at Dresden, in succession to Dr. Reichenbach, who has retired.

LORD LYONS, according to English journals, has determined upon withdrawing from the diplomatic service at an early date. Doubtless his departure will be very generally regretted in Paris.

THE Freemasons of Ireland intend to request his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught to accept the Grand Mastership of the Masonic body in Ireland, vacant by the decease of the Duke of Leinster.

DR. DANIEL P. BISSELL, formerly Canal Commissioner and President of the New York State Medical Society, died at his residence, in Utica, N.Y., on Thursday morning, October 29th, aged seventy-two years.

VERDI, who has been passing a part of the Summer on his estate at Santa Agatha, is about to leave for Genoa, where he will probably remain for the Winter, unless the rehearsal of "Aida" requires his presence in Paris.

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH, of Austro-Hungary, has assigned the whole of a money present made to him on his birthday by his grandfather, Archduke Francis Charles, to the use of an Austrian Expedition about to explore Africa.

MACDONALD's colossal statue of the late Fitz Greene Hallack, intended for erection in the Central Park, New York, has been finished in the clay, and the plaster model is now in the hands of the molders for reproduction in bronze.

THE Emperor of Austria has confirmed the appointment of two non-Jesuit priests as professors of the theological faculty at Innsbruck. The event is significant from the fact that these positions have hitherto been exclusively held by Jesuits.

THE Queen Dowager of Bavaria, who has just embraced Catholicism, is a Prussian princess, and cousin of the German Emperor. She remained a Protestant during the life of the late King of Bavaria, but has long evinced a marked predilection for the Papal Church.

By the accession to the peerage of General Forrester, the cognomen of father of the British House of Commons devolves upon Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton, Baronet, who has continuously represented Cheshire, or one of its divisions, since the General Election of 1830.

Just before her death, the wife of Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., expressed a wish that her remains should be burned, as a scientific experiment; and, after trying several places, permission was granted in Dresden, and the cremation carried out in the furnaces erected by Herr Siemens.

MARSHAL MACMAHON, while on his recent tour through Brittany, handed sums varying from 200 francs to 2,500 francs to the various municipalities for the benefit of the poor. He also gave assistance to distressed individuals, retired soldiers and officials, their applications being investigated on the spot.

THE cottage and grounds once the residence of Maximilian in Mexico are in ruins, adherents of the new Government having been allowed to pillage and destroy as they chose. The establishment was once a brick cottage, overgrown with vines, and densely surrounded with guava and coffee-trees.

COLONEL P. EGERTON WARRERTON, the Australian explorer, whose wonderful expedition from the centre of Australia to the West Coast, accomplished by him and his party under difficulties and privations of a most appalling character, was rewarded with the gold medal of the Geographical Society, is now in London.

A COMMITTEE of citizens of Florence has commissioned Eusebio Capocci, the Neapolitan artist, to paint a picture representing the Roman deputation that brought to the King of Italy the result of the plebiscite that united Rome with the rest of Italy. The picture when finished is to be presented to the King and placed in the Quirinal.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has invited his rural deans to inform him as to the general opinion of the laity with respect to the ornaments, rubric, and the position of the celebrant. Should any concessions on these points be recommended, he asks further what corresponding concessions would be asked on the other side in matters at present equally illegal.

It is stated in the Roman journals that, in view of his probable journey to Rome, M. Thiers inquired confidentially of Cardinal Antonelli, through a friendly prelate, whether, in case he should arrive there, he would be permitted to pay his respects to the Pope. Cardinal Antonelli is said to have communicated with the Pope upon the subject, and to have replied that His Holiness, notwithstanding the straits to which he was reduced, would be glad to receive M. Thiers.

THE PENISTAN DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

THE Fountain Society of Philadelphia has done much for the comfort of the brute creation in that city, and at the same time has greatly beautified some of the principal streets. Under its auspices seventy-three drinking fountains have been erected, and with one exception all are representatives of home labor. We recently gave an illustration of one presented to that city by Miss Nilsson, the songstress, and erected on the corner of Walnut and Fifteenth Streets. Our present engraving shows the one on the southeast corner of Rittenhouse Square, which was presented by R. Penistan, Esq.

THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

GENERAL SHERMAN has at last succeeded in removing the Headquarters of the Army from Washington, and has established them in St. Louis, where he will be free from the annoyance



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—DRINKING FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO THE CITY BY MR. RICHARD PENISTAN.—SKETCHED BY WILLARD P. SNYDER.

which in fact or imagination existed at the National Capital. He has taken the residence of Dr. Pope, on the corner of Locust and West Tenth Streets, for his new offices.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

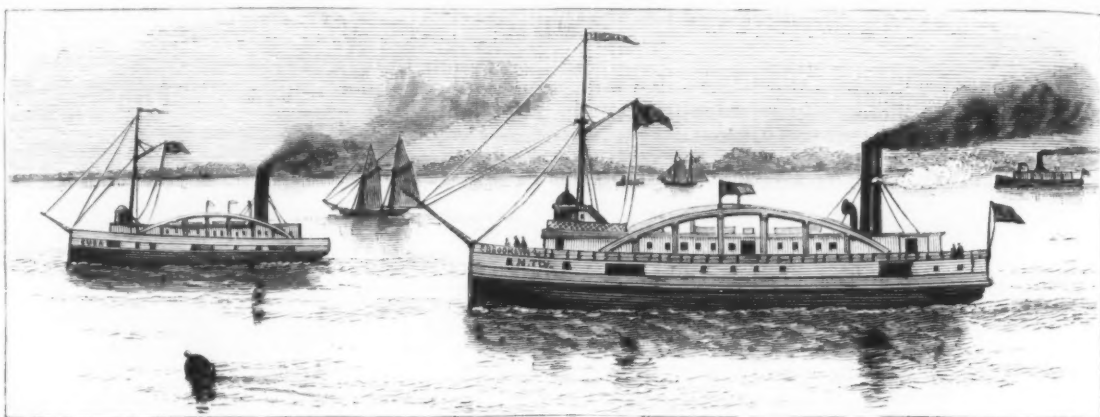
THE explosion of the boiler of the new propeller *Brooklyn*, at Fighting Island, while on her way up the Detroit River, ought to lead to the enforcement of measures prohibitory of racing, either by steamboats or railroad trains. The propeller left Cleveland on Wednesday, October 21st, and was detained by a fog at the mouth of the river. On starting ahead the steamer *Cuba* was noticed, and the *Brooklyn* began racing. Just as the latter boat passed the island, and when the *Cuba* was some twenty rods ahead, the boiler of the propeller exploded, hurling the cabin, and many of the passengers and crew, into the air. Two minutes later the propeller sank. Thirteen persons were killed, and many more wounded. A like fate was openly predicted last Summer, when the rival Harlem boats were racing day after day under the heaviest pressure of steam; but, no thanks to the managements, a catastrophe was averted.

HON. ALEX. T. MITCHELL, M. C.

MR. MITCHELL is the present Member in Congress from that district of Wisconsin which includes the great 90,000-inhabited city of Milwaukee. He was born in 1817, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and is a money-making man. By trade he is a banker. He was in the Forty-second Congress, and is in the Forty-third. Mr. Mitchell is a Democrat, and secured his election in a thoroughly Democratic district. He is the head of the vast system of Wisconsin railways which has been recently attacked by the enforcement of the Potter Law.



ST. LOUIS, MO.—THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF LOCUST AND WEST TENTH STREETS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM STAEKEL.



MICHIGAN.—STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION ON THE DETROIT RIVER.—THE PROPELLERS "BROOKLYN" AND "CUBA" JUST PREVIOUS TO THE EXPLOSION. SKETCHED BY M. A. BREMAN.

Mr. Mitchell evinced considerable intelligence and courage in fighting the nefarious buccaneer law of Wisconsin, and, therefore, he deserves a full measure of honest praise. When at last he was beaten in court he surrendered with logical grace.

Mr. Mitchell is a broad-headed Scotchman, a good business man, knowing the workings of railways. We should not like to call him a statesman; but he is a fair business politician.

THE NEW SAFETY BALLOON.

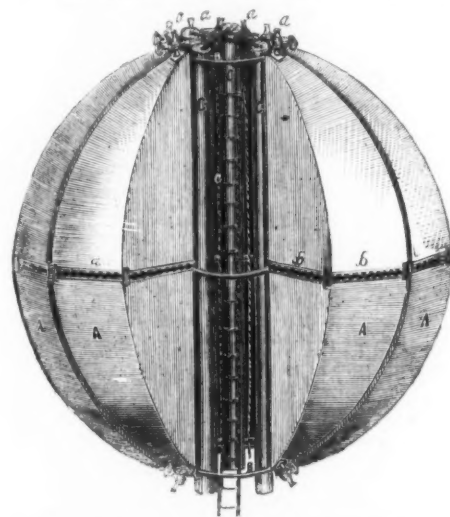
THE safety balloon patented by James Hartness, of Detroit, Mich., consists of a sphere made in eight or more compartments, each section being separately inflated. The sections resemble very closely the divisions of an orange, and are each provided with valves.

Figure 1 is a perspective view of the balloon inflated, one of the sections being removed; and Figure 2 is a detached perspective view of one section.



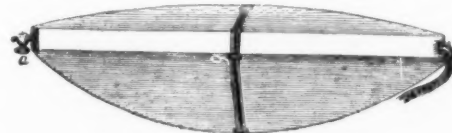
HON. ALEXANDER T. MITCHELL, M.C. AND RAILROAD KING OF MILWAUKEE.

inflated. The sections do not extend to and meet in the axis of the sphere, but are cut off a little short of it to leave an axial opening through the sphere, with an iron or steel ring, B, at top and bottom, and one or more intermediate rings in the opening, to which rings the sections are separately secured by straps, c, passing around them. A rope ladder, e, may extend up from the car to the top ring, so that the aeronaut may have access to the valves if he so desires. The balloon may be safely and easily inflated over four guide-poles, f, which are inclosed by the rings B during the process, and from which the balloon rises when cut loose.



SAFETY BALLOON, IN SEPARATELY INFLATED SECTIONS, INVENTED BY JAMES HARTNESS.

tion of New Orleans the day previous to the first battle of Manassas, and participated in that memorable struggle. A short time after this she joined the 8th Louisiana, and for the first time her sex was questioned, and she was arrested and ordered to assume female attire. Among the hundreds of amusing adventures, perhaps the best with which she was connected took place during the time of her imprisonment after her arrest. A committee of ladies waited upon her by order of the commander, for the purpose of settling the vexed question, but after seeing the dashing-looking young officer, they concluded not to perform their mission. She was taken before the mayor, released, and allowed to retain her uniform, and at once commissioned to perform any services for the Confederacy which she might be called upon to perform. As her sex had been questioned, she resolved to leave Richmond, and was greatly rejoiced when General Winder ordered her to the Western army for the purpose of scouting in the vicinity of Okalona, Miss. The reliability of the daring young recruit was soon recognized and appreciated, and General Quantrell sent her with dispatches as a spy into Missouri. After rendering inestimable service in this capacity, she went to Mississippi, and from there back to New Orleans, where she joined the Twenty-first Louisiana Regiment, then being organized, and reported to General Villipigue. Receiving her commission as first lieutenant, she went to Memphis, and from here to



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE SAFETY BALLOON.

ST. LOUIS SCHUETZENFEST.

THE Missouri State Sharpshooters' Society held a grand Schuetzenfest at Rose Hill Park, St. Louis, October 19-20. The first prize was an elaborately embellished gold medal, presented by the Mayor and Common Council, and was won by L. W. Loeftagen, the Schuetzenmeister of the Society. In the absence of His Honor the Mayor, the prize was bestowed upon the winner by Congressman Wells.

A CONFEDERATE AMAZON.

SAYS the *Mobile Register*: Mrs. E. H. Bonner, better known throughout the South as Lieutenant Harry T. Buford, arrived in this city from New Orleans, en route to New York. This distinguished lady has, perhaps, gone through more hardships and done more for the Confederate States during the "late unpleasantness" than any woman within the borders of the section so designated. Like all our other Southern women, Mrs. Bonner was filled with that unprecedented love of country and patriotism so beautifully exemplified by the women of the South during the war, and, seeing those whom she held most dear march to the front, she made preparations, notwithstanding her sex, to participate actively in the

Shiloh, where she was severely wounded in the right shoulder on the first day of the battle, April 6th, 1862. While recovering from the effects of her wound her sex was again discovered, to her mortification, and General Beauregard and others were astonished to find out that the gallant young officer was not of the stronger sex. Unable to dissuade her from participating in active warfare, she was commissioned to go to Atlanta, pass through the lines, and act as a spy. Upon reaching Atlanta she was compelled to wait several days for further orders, and instead of staying in that city, she ran up to Dalton and Chattanooga, and participated actively in both fights, returning to Atlanta a day or two before the necessary orders arrived. From this section



THE ST. LOUIS SCHUETZENFEST GOLD MEDAL.

of the country she was ordered aboard blockade-runners from different Southern ports to the Indies, and often was the bearer of important dispatches to foreign ports for the *Florida* and *Shenandoah*. She seized every opportunity, whether in the South, in the North,



L. W. LOEFTAGEN, WINNER OF THE GOLD MEDAL AT THE ST. LOUIS SCHUETZENFEST.

or in a foreign land, to render assistance to the Southern Confederacy. She has a receipt in her possession for \$750, which she collected from the United States soldiers of Commodore Brissell's fleet, then at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, and sent to the Southern hospitals, although the money was supposed to have been given for the benefit of the Federal soldiers. She was now sent to San Diego and Havana for the purpose of buying coffee and sugar for the Confederacy, and from there, after making the necessary purchases, she went to South America, in the interest of the Confederate Government, with Price's expedition. From South America she proceeded to the West Indies, charged with some important mission for the country which she loved so well and served so faithfully. The deeds of this noble woman are well known throughout the South, and have been recited on many a hearthstone by well-scarred veterans and inmates of Federal dungeons. The starved, inhumanly-treated prisoners of Camp Chase have every reason to remember her who nursed them, fed them, and furnished them with every cent she could spare, day after day.

She is in possession of genuine documents, given her every step she has made, and from all of them it can be seen that she was trusted unhesitatingly, and maintained an unblemished character from the beginning to the close of the war. Even after her sexhood had been questioned, throughout the entire war—be it said to the credit of the men of the South—that not a syllable was ever repeated in her hearing unfit to repeat in the presence of the most reserved lady. Mrs. Bonner removed to New Mexico, after her adventurous life, and engaged in mining speculations, realizing a handsome fortune from her investments. She has been well employed otherwise, and has finished a book giving a truthful account of her adventures during her connection with the Confederacy. She is an intelligent-looking lady of about thirty-five years of age, having a particularly refined appearance for one who has experienced the hardships of camp life and performed the duties of a man for more than four years.

She is on her way to New York, and has a number of letters of introduction to prominent gentlemen of many Southern and Northern cities, and other evidences of an irreproachable reputation.

THE BOSTON KINDERGARTEN.

FROEBEL, the founder of the Kindergarten system of educating the young, maintained that doing should precede thinking, and in carrying out his scheme he found a sure way to attract and retain the child's attention by associating all instruction with the use of the hands. Several attempts have been made to transplant the system to the United States, but with the exceptions in New York, Boston and St. Louis, it has not flourished as it should. The Boston School, of which we now give an illustration, is situated on the corner of Somerset and Allston Streets, and is under the charge of Miss Lucy H. Symonds. The ages of the pupils range from three to seven years.

One sees the eyes busy in carrying to the mind clear images of natural surroundings; the fingers acquiring skill in expressing by material forms the conception thus wrought in the mind; and the dawning of inventive powers. The children find in the different occupations and plays scope for expressing every thought and wish of their hearts. The chief occupations are weaving strips of paper in and out in tasteful patterns; sewing upon cards with colored wools (the children choose their own colors, under the guidance of the teacher, who seeks always to cultivate good taste); building with cubes or oblongs; making pictures with planes, and laying fancied outlines with little sticks; and, approaching nearer to the abstract, drawing upon slates; making furniture and other symmetrical figures with sticks and peas; molding figures in clay.

The Kindergarten system teaches children to use the tips of their fingers instead of the whole hand.



BOSTON, MASS.—THE PUBLIC KINDERGARTEN—MODELING IN CLAY FROM OBJECTS.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.

CALIFORNIA'S WORKER.

PROPOSAL of the coming legislative contest between Senators Booth and Sargent of California, we quote the opinion of the Washington correspondent of the San Francisco *Alta* on the latter. That paper says:

Senator Sargent has been very busily occupied since the closing of the last session of Congress, which fact has prevented him from making his customary visit to California. His constituents express their disappointment, and many of his former political opponents now give evidence of a great change of heart by joining in the chorus of his friends. California has not been a little surprised at the marked ability and steadfast course displayed by this energetic man. His first winter in the United States Senate has been made brilliant by his remarkably successful exertions. He was credited in Washington with having made for himself "more points" than any other Senator, and with having established himself as one of the very foremost powers in the nation. As a consistent, untiring, faithful and successful worker he has no equal in this his first year of public service in the

upper house of Congress. There is no man in Washington whose word is more respected, or who has a higher regard for the duties of his office or devotion to his opportunities for work.

His careful attention to business, his endurance when crowded to the extremities of his powers to act and think, his vigilance, and his habit of being always in the very place where he is wanted or feared, together with his good, plain common sense, keen preception and general willingness to take the front in a forlorn hope—these characteristics constitute in him an invaluable aid to the Government, whose manifold and complex necessities often have suffered for the want of such men in the right places. On the Appropriation and Naval Committees, where exact knowledge, quick preception, ready comprehension and constant attention are required, he is most conspicuous, while on the floor of the Senate he is most felt, because he is never absent when anything is to be heard or done. He is already the terror of the lobby and the object of their especial malediction. His eye is too sharp for their most cunningly devised plans, and many a sorehead is forced to leave the capital—the victim of his merited blows.

Centennial Appropriation Bill, which he had attacked, and was uncompromisingly opposing, for reasons which he deemed right. He had aroused a bitter feeling against him on the part of the friends of the Bill. The writer asked him: "Senator, can you afford to make a losing fight at the present time, when the interests of the Pacific Coast require so much attention and so many friends?" His answer was very curt and prompt: "I can always afford to make a losing fight, if I am right. I can afford to stand by a good record." Yet with all his boldness and determination, a single word of genuine appreciation coming to him after he has made any strong, daring effort, will cause his face to be lighted up in an instant, and he seems to be repaid for all that he has done, and is doubly strengthened for renewed effort. His sentiments are warm and generous—he loves to help others, and to feel the glow of success in doing so—but he is merciless in dealing what he thinks to be justice, particularly in politics. Hence he has strong friends and bitter enemies.

In consideration of his value as a faithful and watchful officer, his services have during his first year in the Senate been solicited for the Smithsonian Institute and the Naval Academy. He is a Regent of the former, and one of the Board of Visitors of the latter.

Since the close of the last Session of Congress the Senate Naval Committee, of which he is the most active member, has visited all the Navy Yards and Naval establishments on the Atlantic Coast. He has been selected by his Committee to make its report, which will be exhaustive of the wants and required reforms and changes of this branch of Government work. The investigations made have been very thorough, and as the Senator remarked to the writer at the close of the tour, made in the steamer *Dispatch*: "My head is full of ideas—we had a splendid trip." The time required to make up this report has prevented him from enjoying a trip to the Pacific Coast.

California has reason to congratulate herself upon the success of Senator Sargent. The people of this State have learned to feel that they have a true and tried friend in Washington, and to forgive what errors of judgment he may have committed in the past for the sake of the good he has done, and the faithfulness of his purpose at all times. A dozen Sargents in Washington would raise the political character of our country out of the mire into which it has abased itself, and would give the political sentiment of the people backbone and ambition. God speed his work! We are nearly exhausted by a decade of shoddy and insincerity.



BOSTON, MASS.—PUBLIC KINDERGARTEN—STUDYING COLOR-OBJECTS.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

High time—A church clock.

A WEEK conclusion—Saturday night.

Good words for the young—Dinner's ready.

WHERE to go when short of money—Go to work.

MATCHLESS maid—The kitchen girl out of lucifers.

A LITERARY class—Builders; they are always finishing stories.

A CANNIBAL'S epitaph—"Write me as one who loves his fellow-man."

WHAT risk do people run who sit in free pews in church?—Of being good for nothing.

AN unanswerable question—"How can we part?"—as the barber said to his bald-headed customer.

MEN who travel barefooted around a newly carpeted bedroom often find themselves on the wrong tack.

A YANKEE editor throws up the sponge with the remark that "it don't pay to run a paper in a town where business men read almanacs and pick their teeth with the tail of a herring."

THE RULING PASSION—"I'm going—I know I am," said a dying Mississippian, "and I believe I'd go easier if Jim would get down the fiddle and play 'Sore heel Sally' once more." Jim did.

A COLORED preacher down South took for his text the words, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," which he divided into three parts, as follows: "First, skin worms; second, what they done; third, what the man seen after he was eat up."

THE superintendent of a Sunday school was catechizing a number of scholars, varying the usual form by beginning at the end of the catechism. After asking what were the pre requisites of holy communion and confirmation, and receiving satisfactory replies, he asked, "And now, boys, tell me what must precede baptism." Whereupon a lively urchin at once shouted out, "A baby, sir!"

WHY should the bean keep ahead of all other vegetables? Because it has the pole.—*Lowell Courier*. The bean has the pole, but in the vegetable race the cabbage is sure to come out a head.—*Advertiser*. Hold! Don't you know that the carrot was never beat?—*Herald*. It might not have been beat if it had not been pulled up suddenly. But, as the whole thing is likely to be run into the ground, we shall wait for something else to turn up.—*Boston Advertiser*. If this kind of thing goes on much longer, the whole vegetable kingdom will exclaim, "Lettuce alone!"—*New Bedford Standard*. We should like to know what celery those fellows get for writing such pea-dantic puns.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*. We don't see why it should concern you.—*American Grocer*. These vegetable puns have become so numerous that one cannot make an oat of them without a rye face—it goes so against the grain.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

GUIZOT ON NAPOLEON.

THE *Moniteur* publishes a private letter written by M. Guizot in March, 1860, in which the Emperor Napoleon is thus described: "As to his historical personages, you are quite right in considering him who at this moment occupies the scene a singular one, and in saying that unless people understand him they can understand nothing of what is going on. Never did a man exercise more influence over his age, and occasion more events with less personal greatness, whether of mind or of character. He alone is responsible for everything. His contemporaries have only to answer for a single thing—the eagerness or apathy with which they let him act. That will be quite enough for them in history. He begins, moreover, to be much embarrassed by what he has done. He has raised I know not how many questions which he cannot solve. He has made war, he has made peace, and his successes, military and pacific, have only brought him to a position full of embarrassment and impotence. He is forced to declare this himself publicly, and to renounce the regulation of the future, which he wished to do after having overturned the present. I do not know whether this experience will give him a distaste for beginning other subjects, ending in his being one day equally powerless to regulate them. I wish it more than I expect it. He is strangely wanting in foresight, and is equally wedded to his schemes and hasty in getting tired of the labor and tedium of carrying them out."

TAKE NOTICE.

THERE will be no further postponement of the Fifth Gift Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky. It will take place positively November 30th. We state these facts in answer to numberless letters from subscribers.

WALKING MADE EASY.—Mr. Eugene Ferris, proprietor of the well-known Shoe Establishment, No. 81 Nassau Street, is always alive to the wants of the public; he has secured the right to manufacture Boots and Shoes made on the McComber Glove Fitting Last. Goods manufactured on this last are of superior quality, and excel in general excellence of workmanship, besides proving the fact that elegance in apparel for the feet is compatible with comfort. An article in *Hall's Journal of Health* speaks in the highest terms of this method, and as follows of the patentee: "The next generation will have reason to remember with gratitude the name of Joel McComber, to whose patient study they will owe the blessing of entire exemption from distorted feet, and torturing corns, and esthetic taste." These superior boots are to be found at 81 Nassau Street.

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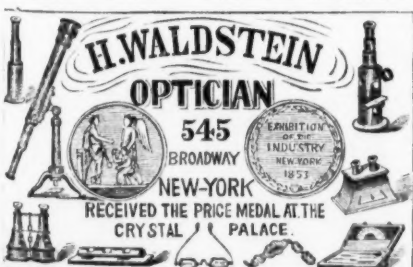
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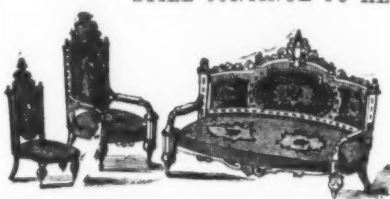
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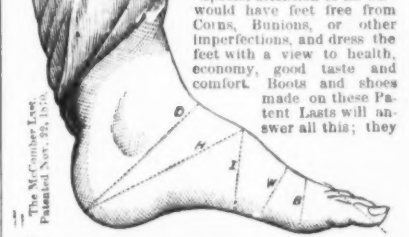
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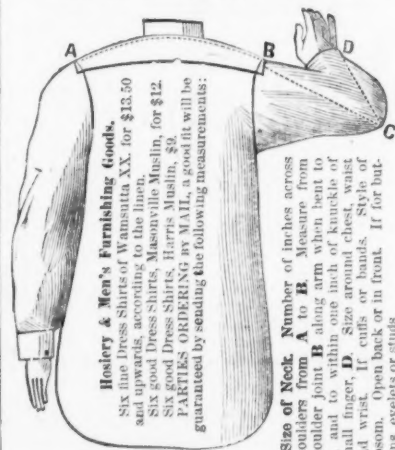
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